

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY CHAS. H. PHELPS.

VOL. IV.—AUGUST, 1881.—No. 20.

AN AESTHETIC FAMILY.

I had heard of the Onslows from infancy. Mrs. Onslow had been one of the ideals of my mother's girlhood. They were graduated together at the same New England seminary, and had said farewell to each other with passionate tears, and eager protestations of deathless friendship, even before the diplomas, bouquets and white-muslin dresses of their Commencement Day.

Miss Cornelia Reed (which was Mrs. Onslow's name before she changed it) had gone back to live with her family in New York, and my mother had joined her own people in Philadelphia. This awful chasm of separation between the two friends had been semi-annually bridged, at first, by visits of not less than a fortnight; but after mother's marriage the visits ceased, though Cornelia, with glad devotion, had come on to be one of her friend's bridesmaids. A year later Miss Reed's own marriage to a New York artist had followed; then, I suppose the new distraction of increasing household cares had wrought its influence, and "baby fingers' waxen touches" had done their alienating work.

Mother and Mrs. Onslow had not corre-

sponded during my own recollection, but "dear Cornelia" was so often on her lips, that we, her sons and daughters, were as familiar with this shadowy personality as though it had been some tangible little household *lar* kept among the statuettes on the drawing-room cabinet, and worshiped with punctilious homage several times a week.

"If you go to New York, Marcus," my mother had said to me, when, in my twenty-sixth year circumstances made it necessary for me to visit that famed metropolis, "you must be sure and look up dear Cornelia Reed's—I mean Onslow's—family. Cornelia and I have not met for over twenty years now, but I am certain that the mere mention of your name will be sufficient to insure you the most cordial welcome at her home."

"Had you not better give me a note of introduction?" I proposed.

Mother did give me one; she read it to me before confiding it to my care. There somehow clung about its tender retrospective sentences a fragrance that was like the long-faded rose-buds of that old, dead and gone Commencement Day.

Soon afterward I went to New York. Before I had been there twenty-four hours I made a point of calling upon the Onslows. I am somewhat of a gregarious turn, and the sense of finding myself in a great city, where I had not the vestige of a social foothold, produced rather depressing results. One sharp January afternoon I rang the bell of a small basement-house in what is called the up-town portion of the city, and was admitted into a hall which looked as if it might have been one of the corridors in Hamlet's palace at Elsinore, so richly was it adorned with gothic woodwork, and draped over each door-way with arabesqued tapestries. The servant then ushered me into a chamber whose first view assailed me with the violence of a sudden shock. Its appointments were Japanese, and so lavishly and kaleidoscopically Japanese as to give me a sort of shame-faced consciousness that I wore the prosaic broadcloth of western civilization. The walls were ablaze with outspread fans, brilliant as tropical butterflies. The rest of the room seemed one gaudy confusion of immense flowered jars, glowing screens, varicolored cushions, and oriental rugs. I sat down with a feeling of having traveled thousands of miles since I had crossed the threshold of this curious chamber, and waited for somebody to come in and "receive" me. Presently the servant entered and informed me that Mrs. Onslow was not at home, but that the young ladies would be down in a moment.

I fell to conjecturing what sort of persons "the young ladies" who inhabited such a peculiar abode ought to be. Certainly something very much out of the common order, I concluded. And not long afterward one of them made her appearance.

She was a tall girl, with a graceful figure and soft, gliding movements. She wore a dress of fawn-colored merino, that fell in straight, classic folds to the floor. Her chestnut hair, which grew low about her forehead, was filleted with three or four narrow golden bands, and she had a zone of gold about her waist. Her features were chiseled in pale regularity, and there was something sculptur-

esque about the smile with which she greeted me. I had never seen a living figure so strikingly Greek. No detail of costume had been left to the imagination; she might have stepped forth, just as she was, from one of the ancient Athenian households. I should not have been surprised to hear her begin reciting a passage from Euripides, instead of addressing me in the most approved English.

"I have taken the liberty of reading your mother's note to mamma," she said, sitting down, and motioning me to reseat myself. "Of course I at once remembered our mother's old friendship. Mamma will doubtless be home very soon. Is this your first visit to New York, Mr. Carrington?"

"Yes," I said, laughing, "if you can believe that I am so great a savage."

She echoed my laugh in a calmer way.

"Oh, we are not admirers of New York—we have no pride in it. All American cities are very much alike. I except Boston. That has a real old-world touch. I am very fond of Boston. Papa has some dear friends there, and he sometimes takes me when he goes to visit them. I suppose I should tell you just who I am," the young lady went on, fixing her dark, serious eyes full on my face, and smiling very faintly. "I am the eldest Miss Onslow—Persephone."

"Persephone," I repeated, with irrepressible amazement.

"Does the name surprise you?" she asked. "I was called Eleanora till I had reached my seventh year. Then papa saw fit to change my name; he thought Persephone more—more suited—" She hesitated, and looked dreamily at a low, painted screen near the fire-place, where one ugly lady with a great many hair-pins was apparently making a present of something to another lady quite as ugly and quite as oddly *coiffée*.

"Oh, yes," I said, "I understand, of course."

Just then another young girl entered the room.

"My sister, Miss Marguerite Onslow," said Persephone, presenting her.

The new-comer was a blonde, with sweet

blue eyes and a rosy complexion. Her yellow hair fell in long braids down her back, and she wore a brown dress cut square in the neck and bordered with bands of black velvet. She at once suggested the *Marguerite* familiar to us all in opera and picture-gallery. As in the case of her sister, the deliberate imitation of an existent type startled you by its exact fidelity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Cannington," said Miss Marguerite, when we were all seated.

She spoke in the same measured, tranquil voice as that used by her sister.

"Mamma will be home from her walk in a little while. You must by all means remain and see her."

"Shall your stay in New York be a long one?" asked Persephone.

"No," I said. "I shall leave in two or three days—after I have seen a few of the sights."

Persephone and Marguerite exchanged a look. It was like Paganism speaking to the Christian Era.

"There are so few sights here!" said Marguerite. "We have no public buildings, no churches, no monuments of art, no pictures."

"Your father is an artist, is he not?" I asked.

"Yes," broke in Persephone; "papa has been painting for many years. But he is not appreciated; he never sells his pictures; they are not understood by the American public."

This was spoken in very much the same tone as might have been employed if the young lady had said: "Papa is very famous; he has a throng of admirers."

"Papa is now in Boston," said Marguerite.

"Perhaps they understand him better there," I ventured.

"Yes, a little better," said Marguerite.

"I suppose you miss him a great deal when he is absent," I said, with the aim of avoiding a threatened conversational pause.

Marguerite looked extremely dreamy, and shook her head. Persephone also shook her head.

"No," said the former young lady, "he is always with us."

"Always with us," echoed Persephone, softly.

This unexpected paradox quite baffled me. Perhaps Marguerite saw the surprise that I exhibited, and came mercifully to my assistance.

"Papa never leaves us," she said—"I mean spiritually, of course."

"Oh, spiritually," I murmured, feeling relieved.

"His physical absence makes little difference," said Persephone. "We often find ourselves forgetting that he is not seated at our sides."

"Oh, very often," said Marguerite.

"Sometimes we address him," resumed Persephone, "and then turn, and find his vacant chair close at hand."

"Yes, indeed!" declared Marguerite, in that placid monotone which both sisters unalterably employed, and which made their voices so alike that if you had closed your eyes you could not have told one voice from the other. "Only last evening I was reading an essay on a psychological subject, which papa had advised me to examine, when I came to a passage whose meaning struck me as obscure. 'Papa,' I said, 'pray explain this'; and I turned toward the chair in which he usually sits. Had it not been for this circumstance, the sense of his nearness would have remained unbroken for a long period."

The idea of a *Marguerite* reading a psychological essay recommended by her father, struck me as so droll a proceeding that I could not resist, at this point, a broad smile of amusement. Fortunately Mrs. Onslow, who had returned from her walk, just then entered the room.

She was a slender lady, well past middle age, who resembled both her daughters, and yet bore a marked dissimilarity to either. Her face was full of a meek sweetness that verged upon primness and timidity. Her walking-suit was something that I should have turned to look after if I had seen it in the street, though more in astonishment than ridicule.

It was certainly one of emphatic picturesqueness. The small poke-bonnet of black silk, shading her winsome yet Puritan sort of face; the high-waisted gown of like material, ruffled about the edge of the narrow, scant skirt; the dainty little semicircular cape, and the large puffed sleeves below it—all breathed of colonial times with irresistible suggestiveness. Mrs. Onslow welcomed me in a much more sociable way than her daughters had done. This elderly Priscilla, however her absent lord may have insisted upon her dressing according to her "type," possessed considerably more naturalness than either of the younger ladies. I soon discovered that Mrs. Onslow was a womanly, motherly being, full of complaisant amiability, and accepting the unique circumstances by which fate had surrounded her, with the plastic acquiescence of a model whom the artist possees as he may please.

"You have a remarkable house," I presently said to her. "No doubt it reflects your husband's artistic sympathies."

"Yes," said Mrs. Onslow, with her neatly-genial little smile. "My husband arranged it all." Then she seemed to repeat something that she had learned by heart. "He has a great taste for local color."

I glanced about me, taking in Japan, Greece, old Germany, and the colonial days of America, in a single eye-sweep.

"Oh, that is very evident," I said.

"Papa is a colorist," said Persephone.

"That is why his pictures do not please people," said Marguerite.

"Would you like to see some of my husband's paintings?" asked Mrs. Onslow.

"Very much," I replied.

A little later we all went up-stairs to a room in the back portion of the house, which had been arranged as a gallery for Mr. Onslow's unsalable works. The walls were thickly lined with paintings. The full afternoon light streamed through one large rear window. I began to look about me. I am not a connoisseur in art, but I know something of pictures. The first picture which I examined at all attentively was a canvas of considerable size, hung in a conspicuous place.

My first impression was that I was not beholding a picture at all. This feeling became a conviction the longer I gazed. It seemed as if somebody had taken a large brush, dipped in a sort of brackish yellow, and struck out right and left with reckless prodigality. There was no hint of similitude to any known natural form; there was no visible attempt to produce perspective; there was nothing except a complicated interblending of zigzag daubs.

"That is one of papa's most striking pictures," said Persephone.

"Oh, sister," broke in Marguerite, "I have never cared for this as much as for his 'Orpheus in Hades.' Papa himself ranks that higher.

"I think you are mistaken," contradicted Persephone, mildly. "Papa *values* this higher as a pure, fearless, unconventional conception; though perhaps the 'Orpheus' has flashes of poetry which endear it to him, in spite of its less legitimate handling."

I waited, during these comments, in a sort of desperate expectancy that I should gain some faint clue to the 'subject' of the yellow incoherency before me. Of course I felt the pressing necessity to say something. The time had inexorably come for me to speak. And so, with the view of not making silence appear like courtesy, I ventured a few words.

"What name does your father give this painting?" I asked, with an effort to imply that although perfectly aware what the picture represented, it would be pleasant to learn its exact title.

My question seemed to produce marked astonishment. Persephone and Marguerite both laughed; there was a ring of polite compassion in the laugh of either; or at least I so fancied.

"It seems odd that any one should fail to instantly grasp this picture's meaning," said the elder sister.

"Of course Mr. Carrington must understand that it represents a marine tropical sunset," said Marguerite. "Perhaps he merely inquires—"

"Oh, of course," I here interrupted, with a mighty sense of relief. "I merely inquired the name which your father had bestowed upon it."

"Oh, he only calls it a 'Study in Ocher,'" said Marguerite. "But I love to call it simply 'Sumatra.'"

It struck me that "Kamtchatka" would be quite as appropriate, but I did not offer this Philistine comment, and we passed on to "Orpheus."

I suppose "Orpheus" was considered by its creator a study in black. It exhibited to my eyes no discernible evidence of study, but it was certainly very black. Its opaque monotony had a tiny speck of white in one corner, which I took for granted was Orpheus himself. All the rest of the picture was no doubt Hades. I was a good deal impressed by Hades, on the whole, because it made me think of my youthful school-day tortures at the blackboard, which truly constitute an infernal reminiscence.

These are the only two pictures in that well-filled gallery of which I carried away any distinct recollection. The others, however, were equally *bizarre* and extraordinary, with two exceptions. One of these was a landscape, as commonplace as it was careful, with some accurate foliage in the foreground, a vine-clad cottage at middle distance, and a hazy effect of hills behind. The other was a farm-yard scene, with a few creditable ducks, a rather feeble cow, and a well-drawn old laborer smoking his pipe in the doorway.

"These are surely not by your father's hand," I said, pointing upward; for the pictures had been "skied" unmercifully, like a tyro's work at an exhibition.

"Oh, yes," laughed Persephone, after her soft fashion. "They are in papa's earlier manner. He quite execrates them; he means to take them out of the collection altogether. Mamma, Marguerite, we really must remind him to do so."

I could not help silently agreeing with Persephone that these two pictures were sadly out of place in the present collection.

After we had left the gallery we went downstairs again into Japan.

"I suppose that you young ladies do not go much into the fashionable world?" I said, when we were again seated.

"Not at all," said Persephone, with amiable decision. "We have quite too much to do."

"Ah, you are closely occupied?"

"My daughters are great readers," said Mrs. Onslow. "They both make a point of reading twenty pages each day in some standard work, whether French, German, or English."

"Thirty pages, mamma," corrected Persephone, with quaint sobriety.

"Also in Italian works," amended Marguerite, demurely.

"Then they have their music," proceeded Mrs. Onslow.

"Ah, you play?" I said, looking at the sisters. "It would give me pleasure to hear you."

"Marguerite has far greater talent than I," said Persephone, with a glance toward that young lady.

"They are good enough to think so, here at home," said Marguerite, rising and going toward a piano that stood in one corner of the apartment, and represented the only un-Asiatic feature.

Marguerite now seated herself, selected a certain sheet from a near pile of music, and began to play. It seemed to me, as she progressed, that I had never heard anything so riotously discordant as her performance. I am not at all above some of the Italian composers, and at the same time I have a hearty liking for the best-known German ones; but it did not appear to me that the sounds now produced by Miss Marguerite's fingers bore the remotest resemblance to anything that can be called music. Persephone seemed quite rapt during the performance. She looked at the floor, moved her head from side to side in a sort of entranced way, and once or twice palpably fluttered her lovely, wax-like eyelids. As her sister concluded, amid a stormy clangor that struck me as nothing short of devilish, she lifted

her head again, and exclaimed with unconcealed delight:

"Charming, Marguerite! You have never done better."

"You should leave that for Mr. Carrington to say," smiled Marguerite, rising from the piano.

But instead of saying this—since there is a limit even to the most depraved hypocrisy—I compromised matters by inquiring the name of the composer? Whereupon, in tranquil chorus, both sisters uttered a certain German name which I had never before heard, and which I now fail to recall.

"Papa will paint that fugue some day," said Persephone, as though speaking to herself.

"Oh, I hope so!" exclaimed Marguerite, with tender enthusiasm.

It privately occurred to me that "papa" had painted it a good many times already; but I naturally refrained from offering any such opinion.

I am afraid that from this period of my visit I was completely under the spell of a cold-blooded curiosity which rather threw aside the best civil requirements. It was something like the impulse that prompts one to address a bearded lady or a living skeleton with questions not precisely authorized by the liberties extended him in his show-ticket.

"And so your time is quite occupied in purely æsthetic pursuits?" I said, addressing both sisters equally. "You see little of outside society?"

"We have very few friends," said Marguerite, replacing one of the big blonde braids that had fallen across her shoulder during the late musical extravaganza.

"We require very few," said Persephone.

"You see, Mr. Carrington," here observed Mrs. Onslow, becoming suavely explanatory, "my daughters find few people with whose tastes their own are congenial."

Shortly after this speech I rose, in as felicitous a way as I could manage, to take my leave. And I did so with a genuine feeling of pity; for it had occurred to me that both Persephone and Marguerite had, as the phrase goes, the making of very nice girls in them.

"You must visit us again before you go back," said Mrs. Onslow, at the moment of my departure, with serene cordiality. "My husband will no doubt return to-morrow."

"Oh, yes, we should so like you to see papa!" said Persephone.

But I did not call again. I did not see "papa." It remained with me as a durable impression for a long time afterward, that I had, in one sense, seen a great deal too much of him already.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

SOPHIE PEROWSKAJA.

Down from her high estate she stept,
A maiden, gently born,
And by the icy Volga kept
Sad watch, and waited morn;
And peasants say that where she slept
The new moon dipt her horn.

*Yet on and on, through shoreless snows
Stretched tow'rd the great north pole,
The foulest wrong the good God knows
Rolls as dark rivers roll.
While never once for all these woes
Upspeaks one human soul.*

She toiled, she taught the peasant, taught
 The dark-eyed Tartar. He,
 Inspiréd with her lofty thought,
 Rose up and sought to be,
 What God at the creation wrought,
 A man! God-like and free.

*Yet e'er before him yawns the black
 Siberian mines! And oh,
 The knot upon the bare white back!
 The blood upon the snow!
 The gaunt wolves, close upon the track,
 Fight o'er the fallen so!*

And this that one might wear a crown
 Snatched from a strangled sire!
 And this that two might mock or frown,
 From high thrones climbing higher,
 To where the Parricide looks down
 With harlot in desire!
*Yet on, beneath the great north star,
 Like some lost, living thing,
 That long line stretches black and far.
 Till buried by death's wing!
 And great men praise the goodly Czar—
 But God sits pitying.*

* * * * *

The storm burst forth! From out that storm
 The clean, red lightning leapt,
 And lo, a prostrate royal form! . . .
 Like any blood, his crept
 Down through the snow, all smoking warm,
 And Alexander slept!
*Yea, one lies dead for millions dead!
 One red spot in the snow
 For one long damning line of red;
 While exiles endless go—
 The babe at breast, the mother's head
 Bowed down, and dying so!*

And did a woman do this deed?
 Then build her scaffold high,
 That all may on her forehead read
 Her martyr's right to die!
 Ring Cossack round on royal steed!
 Now lift her to the sky!
*But see! From out the black hood shines
 A light few look upon!*

*Poor exiles, see! from dark, deep mines,
Your star at burst of dawn!
A thud! A creak of hangman's lines—
A frail shape jerked and drawn!*

* * * * *

The Czar is dead; the woman dead,
About her neck a cord.
In God's house rests his royal head—
Hers in a place abhorred:
Yet I had rather have her bed
Than thine, most royal lord!
*Yea, rather be that woman dead,
Than this new living Czar,
To hide in dread, with both hands red,
Behind great bolt and bar—
While, like the dead, still endless tread
Sad exiles tow'r'd their star.*

JOAQUIN MILLER.

'49 AND '50.

CHAPTER XIX.

Several days of fair and delightful weather continued to favor the labors of the inmates of Camp Harrington. Neither did the remarkable fortune of the first day materially diminish. More than was theirs, they could not reasonably wish for. The situation of the tent and cabin, sheltered by a group of tall pines, could not be bettered. It was placed so as to receive each breeze that swept in cooling fragrance among the hills. Some new comfort was added from night to night. However soon or severe the storms might come, the party were out of reach of danger.

As yet there was little necessity for exposure. The gold was to be obtained without going into the water, while the food, though plain, was healthful and palatably prepared. No greedy gold-seeker came to share their spoils; no thieving Indian had as yet sought to appropriate their horses feeding in a green bottom not far below. The trapper, having visited various camps in the vicinity, returned a

report of prevailing disorders of a serious nature, but they were mostly confined to miners that had been exposed, day and night, while at work upon the bars of the river. Several times the kind-hearted physician had been called to the bed of suffering; but there was, fortunately, no need of his professional services among those of his own company. He had become much interested in several of his patients, and after a visit to them, was ready with some piteous tale of suffering.

"We don't know anything about the hardships of the average miner," he would say. "Those miserable creatures that stand in the water all day, and sleep in their wet clothes at night—that eat the worst of food and drink the worst of liquor—what can be expected for them but death? In the valley, where vast areas of vegetation are rapidly decaying, there is little hope, as we have seen, of escaping the deadly poison taken into the system with every breath. Here, the cool mountain winds are less injurious; but, after all, at this season of the year, the climate is not such as to aid in

warding off disease inevitable to those that adopt the reckless habits of the miners. We must be exceedingly cautious. My stock of medicines is not large, and, when through with the cases now under treatment, I must refuse all further solicitations to prescribe outside the camp."

"What is the condition, Doctor, of that young man of whom you have so often spoken?" asked Mrs. Monroe.

"I expect to hear of his death, at any hour," was the reply.

A thoughtful mood fell upon all present. The physician had interested them in behalf of the patient, concerning whom Mrs. Monroe had inquired. For a month he had been lying in his blankets, with no shelter except that afforded by the branches of a stunted oak. There was no one to care for him for affection's sake, nor had he been able to procure a nurse by proffering exorbitant sums of money. The unnatural indifference characterizing many of the early gold-seekers was strikingly illustrated in his case. The Doctor had been his best friend; in fact, his only friend.

It was Sabbath morning, and our little mining company, looking forward to a day of needed rest, were quietly chatting about a huge rock at the entrance of their cabin, when a messenger arrived with a request from the lonely sufferer that the Doctor would come to him, and bring with him one of the ladies. Mrs. Durgin declared herself unfit for such an interview, urging her companion to accompany the physician.

"The poor man wishes kind words not only, but wise and tender counsel," said she; "I could not give it. You, Mrs. Monroe, I know, can and will speak to him words of peace."

"You will go with us, will you not?" asked the other.

"I will go conveniently near," was the reply, "if you wish; but I really cannot stand by the side of one about to die, friendless, among these lonely hills."

It was not a long journey, though one not without its difficulties, to the place where the patient lay. The trail, which had been

little traveled by man, and never before by a white woman, led down rough steeps, and through gulches closely grown and entangled with wild vines. The three Samaritans were obliged to follow their guide at a slow pace. At length they came in sight of the oak-tree. Mrs. Durgin, as she had designed, stopped before reaching it, while the others went on. The report of the Doctor had been in nowise exaggerated. A wretched spectacle, indeed, met the eyes of compassionate Mrs. Monroe. Feebly the dying man raised his hand toward her, smiled faintly, and asked if he might say to her words that neither mother nor sister could hear; these being far from him in lovely Genesee Valley, in western New York. Gently she knelt beside him, and administered with her own hands an alleviating potion, prepared by the Doctor; then, in a low voice saying something to him, that brought a momentary light into his eyes, listened for what he desired to communicate.

"It is a painful favor that I have asked of you," he began; "but it seemed as if I could not die without once more looking upon the face of woman. The fear of death troubles me but little. For myself, indeed, I had no wish to live longer; but for the sake of my mother and sisters, against whose earnest entreaties I came here—for the sake of them, life might still have been sweet to me. It cannot be, however; there is no help for me. I have suffered; but 'tis not of this that I desire to speak. I had thought that it would comfort my mother to receive a letter from some one kind enough of heart to sympathize with her, while conveying the intelligence of my death and decent burial. You are a stranger to me, (and God grant that you may ever be a stranger to suffering like mine) but I trust that you will undertake this task, in view of the comfort that it may bring to my stricken mother."

His listener assured the dying man that she would obey his directions implicitly. Thereupon he gave her his name and the name and address of his mother. The contrast of the two faces—that of the suppliant and of the benefactress—caused the few by-

standers to look on in silent awe and wonder. The beautiful, radiant features of life side by side with the pale, emaciated lineaments of death! The inured physician, who had stood by many a death-bed, was affected as he had never been before. An impulse seized him to go and bring his wife, that she might be a witness of this most impressive scene. Upon second thought, however, he decided not to do so.

"I have not quite done," continued the sufferer. "At the root of yonder pine, on the eastern side, about two feet below the surface of the ground, you will find a small tin box. In it are about three thousand dollars' worth of gold, together with some letters and pictures. I desire that Dr. Durgin's charges and the expenses of my burial should first be defrayed, and that the remainder of the gold, with the keepsakes, should be forwarded, when opportunity offers, to my mother and sister. Will you do me these last kindnesses?"

There was hardly time for her to whom these words were addressed to reply. It was evident, however, that the answer was heard, for the dying man returned a look of deepest gratitude, then closed his eyes forever. The Doctor knew that the arm of mortal was powerless. He had expected the end; and it had come.

It being Sabbath day, which a few of the miners in the vicinity recognized as they had been accustomed to do at home, the Doctor deemed it proper to hasten the burial and inter the body that afternoon; the ladies were accordingly escorted back to camp by the guide with whom they came; a messenger was sent to inform those in the surrounding camps of the hour of the funeral; while the Doctor, assisted by a slothful Mexican, repaired to a little open space upon a near hill-side, to dig the grave. The comrades of the dead man having gone to a trading-post to spend their week's earnings in the delights of riotous intoxication, the Mexican was the only help obtainable; and he, though demanding ten dollars for his assistance, employed the greater part of his time sitting quietly down, rolling and smoking one cigar-

ette after another, while the physician did the work that it was agreed should be equally divided between the two. The Doctor was a man slow to anger; but had it not been for the impropriety of a broil during the performance of so solemn a duty, he could not have refrained from punishing the indolent wretch as soundly as he deserved. At length, this labor with the spade being finished, he sought the quarters of a man that was said to be leading a life of singular uprightness, and arranged with him to conduct the funeral services.

At four o'clock on this lovely autumn afternoon, small groups of miners, with washed hands and faces, looking as decent as possible in the rough and soiled garments that they wore, were to be seen coming from various directions, on their way to the oak-tree where the deceased had suffered and at last ceased from suffering. They were a wild-looking company; their long hair and bristly unshaven faces, together with the diversity of their clothing, concealed what refinement may have existed beneath. All of them well armed, they wore the mien of men come forward rather for battle than for the peaceful office of burial. Their voices were hushed, and their behavior respectful; at the same time a gloomy sternness supplied the place of that tenderness ordinarily attendant upon like occasions. One among them seemed to be regarded as a sort of leader. This man was larger, more commanding in countenance, easier of action, and more becomingly attired, than any of the others. Further than a few suggestions it was not noticed that he influenced by words the conduct of those about him; but it was evident that he was, without particular effort, the controlling spirit. It was he that offered to bear the body in his own arms from the tree to the grave. The Doctor gave his consent; and placing our friends from Camp Harrington, all of whom were in attendance, directly behind him, the remainder followed in rank, still further in the rear. The strong man bore the wasted body, wrapped in heavy blankets, with a striking dignity and strength of movement.

It was observed and admired by all. The

bearer's face, too, as the body was lowered, uncoffined, to the pine boughs in the bottom of the grave, wore an expression of deferential majesty. He appeared to be aware that the eyes of the ladies occasionally rested upon him. Only once, however, did his countenance seem to change. This was when he met the steady glance of Blair. At that moment a slight scowl passed over his brow; but it quickly vanished. The beautiful burial-service of the Church was read in an impressive manner. Never before had its sublime pathos so touched the hearts of our friends. Nature preserved an enchanting stillness. Sunshine and shadow rested in pleasing alternation upon the eastern hills. All was in keeping with the melancholy serenity of the hour. An additional supply of fragrant pine boughs was strewn upon the body, then the earth was filled in, and quietly as they came the little congregation dispersed to their several places of labor or repose.

The Doctor had not yet completed his generous deeds in behalf of the departed. The box must be taken from the earth beneath the pine, and conveyed to camp. It was decided that Blair and the trapper should remain behind for that purpose, while the remainder of the party went on.

"Do you think it would be well to unearth the box while it is yet light?" asked Mrs. Monroe. "I feel great anxiety concerning the safe dispatch of its contents, in conformity with my promise."

"There can be no trouble about it," answered the Doctor. "The money certainly belongs to no one else; and should we be discovered while taking it into possession, which is not likely, I anticipate no interference."

"We will see that the box reaches camp with its treasures intact," added Blair; and the party having gotten beyond hearing, he turned for a few words with the trapper.

"Have you your rifle with you, Uncle Lish?"

"Never'll ketch me without that at a funeral or anywhere else."

"The Doctor and I are about to dig up some gold buried under yonder tree. It be-

longed to the man we have just buried, who requested us to take it in charge."

"Jest so."

"Now, we may not be interrupted. The severity of the punishment of theft and robbery in the mines makes it improbable that we shall be openly molested. But," continued Blair, "I am not pleased with the appearance of at least one individual in attendance at the burial. Every one present undoubtedly knew that the deceased had amassed and concealed a considerable amount of gold; and, as I intimated, I am suspicious that one person, if no more, will keep watch of our movements."

"And I'll keep the run o' his'n," responded the trapper, smoothing his rifle-barrel as if to infuse into the cold instrument the warmth of his own blood.

"That is my desire."

"Would you mind givin' me the twig, Cap'ain, as to which o' the derned scoundrels you have spotted?"

"Let that pass for the present, Uncle Lish."

"Waal," responded the trapper, squinting skyward, "when I shoots, I allers levels on the biggest buck in the herd. It is jest about time for 'em to come out and feed now, too, aint it?"

The trapper, having employed this much mysteriousness to offset Blair's reticence upon the point of the identity of the man against whom he was preparing to defend himself, stepped aside into a clump of bushes that covered a commanding rise of ground, and crouched upon his knees as motionless as the stones against which he rested. Blair, meanwhile, had struck his spade into the spot designated; while the Doctor, with the appearance of one resting rather than standing on guard, stationed himself close by. The labor was not long. Soon the spade reached the metallic box; when Blair stooped down for the purpose of drawing it out. As he did so the report of a rifle was heard, and his hat was knocked off his head. Instantly both he and the physician dropped upon their faces. This they had no sooner done than a second shot was heard from the shrubbery on the knoll above.

"Lie still," said Blair; "there is a dead man in the ranks of the enemy."

Deep silence followed the trapper's shot. It was fast getting dusk.

"Perhaps he missed his aim because of the dim light," at length whispered the Doctor.

"Not he," returned the other.

Then came the accents of a familiar voice, though neither knew that the trapper had quitted his place and crept down within hearing.

"Run, ye derned hounds," muttered Uncle Lish. "All up," he continued, rising to his feet. "Hooray for Camp Harrington! Another funeral to-morrow, which one feller I knows on wont trouble hisself to attend."

"Have you killed some one, then?" asked Blair.

"Cap'ain," returned the trapper, "when I draws bead I can't help it. Suthin' allers tumbles. But," he continued, shaking his iron locks, "I couldn't git sight o' the big buck. I heerd him makin' his way off, but he was a leetle too sly for me."

"Let us make haste," said Blair, lifting out the box.

"Oh, there was only them two," spoke the trapper. "We can take it leisurely. One o' the birds can't fly, and 'tother will be purty derned certing to take a bee-line for his roost."

"I had forgotten about my hat," said Blair, picking up that article, and examining it. "A good clean hole, isn't it, Doctor?"

"A close escape!" returned the physician.

"The varmint!" exclaimed Uncle Lish.

"Did you kill the one that sent the bullet," asked the Doctor.

"No, I'm derned ef I did," was the emphatic answer. "I was obligeed to take the feller that thought he would undertake the job that the fust one fell through on."

"But why do you say you missed the 'big buck,' if you did not see him?" inquired Blair.

"'Praps I knowed him by the sense o' smell. It was that same which put the hole through your hat."

Blair was now positive that the trapper had hit upon the man whom he himself suspected. How had he found him out? He was not present when the stranger called with reference to hiring Mose. Perhaps Mose had told him about his own meeting with the old friend of his master. The trapper, too, it will be remembered, had spent his evenings away from the cabin. Probably his absence was due to scouting expeditions, upon some of which he had learned the character of him that called himself Crowell, a man destined to be better known by our friends.

"This is something very strange," thought Blair, as the three climbed homeward. "The fellow is evidently a desperado, and intent upon taking my life. I am positive that one of us must die; at the same time there is that in the presence of my enemy that makes me unwilling to deal with him according to his merits. A kind of awe fell upon us both as we stood, face to face, in the light of the camp-fire, the night he came to me upon his insulting errand. He felt it, and I felt it as well. He is not the man to lay his hand upon his revolver without using it, nor indeed am I. A vague sense of something, to me inexplicable, restrained us both; each equally conscious of its power."

"It is astonishing how soon one learns to slight danger," spoke the Doctor, breaking the silence, and interrupting the flow of Blair's perplexing thoughts. "I always looked upon myself as more or less of a coward; but I cannot think of anything at this moment that would frighten me. As for you, one would have supposed that the wind instead of a bullet had displaced your punctured hat."

"Very true," answered Blair, "we cannot tell how the situation will affect us until, as an old soldier used to say, "we have been there."

"The Cap'ain is a born general," spoke the trapper.

"Men of your years and varied experience are apt to have their notions, Uncle Lish," answered Blair.

"Yaas, and sich as are purty apt to be derned straight and squar," was the reply.

"But, Blair," inquired the Doctor, abruptly, "how came you to anticipate any trouble in this matter?"

"Perhaps," returned the other, with the first smile that had been seen for some hours to light his handsome features, "it was through, as Uncle Lish calls it, 'the sense of smell.' No: let me make the explanation a little more philosophic. In all probability I am indebted for my information to what certain writers term a presentiment."

"Enough said," exclaimed the matter-of-fact physician. "The ladies must know nothing of what has happened."

"That's a perlite proposition," spoke the trapper, quickening his pace as the camp-fire gleamed in sight. "But women is tarnal cute on gittin' to the wind'ard of a secret."

"How does it happen, that you, who have lived so long with men, are informed upon this subject," asked Blair.

"My mother, Cap'ain, was a woman," answered Uncle Lish.

When the three whose actions we have been following again rejoined the party, they were greatly surprised to discover an unwonted gloom settled upon cheerful Camp Harrington. The light-hearted lady, always overflowing with girlish joy, had retired to the cabin, smitten with grief. The cause of it was unknown, unless to her attendant, Mrs. Monroe.

"What has happened to my baby, now?" asked the Doctor, approaching the spot where his wife lay sobbing bitterly.

"It is a foolish illness," replied the other, striving to conquer her emotions.

"Are you really ill, Lina?" again spoke the husband, taking her hand in his own.

"No, no, Doctor; I was suddenly seized with a fit of crying after our return from the funeral."

"I know you hesitated to go, but I little thought the effect would be so serious. Look up—let me see. What a bundle of nerves!" continued the physician, seeking to dispel the lady's inquietude by a mild rebuke, uttered with his customary wholesome roughness. "Come, now; no more of this. Mrs. Monroe, I am astonished that you

should allow your ward to conduct herself so much like her old Aunt Polly, a maiden of fifty cloudy summers, each one bringing some new disaster, and all of them because of that hisfalutin' mishap—an early cross in love. Fie! Madeline: give me a reason for this most unminer-like attack, or let that big tear in the further corner of your right eye be the last one."

The Doctor's pressure upon his young wife's forehead was decidedly more tender than his language. The kindness of his hardy nature must find vent in some manner. The lady, however, refused to be comforted.

"Mrs. Durgin is temporarily prostrated with that good, old-fashioned disease—homesickness," spoke the lady by her side.

"*Nostalgia*," responded the physician. "This is all the pill I have for that, but it is sugar-coated," he added, bending down and imprinting a kiss upon the flushed cheek of the patient.

"That must prove efficacious," said Mrs. Monroe. "Give yourself no uneasiness, Doctor. I will undertake the radical cure of this malady, if I may be allowed to maintain perfect quiet in the cabin."

"I will leave the case, then, in your hands, Mrs. Monroe," answered the husband, taking the hint that the ladies wished to be alone. "I shall not be far away, and will make a professional call later in the evening."

So saying, Doctor Durgin whispered some fond sentiment in the ear of his sorrowing bride, and retired.

"Do you not see how kind and affectionate he is?" sobbed the sufferer, following her husband with tear-dimmed eyes, as he passed from sight. "I have not been just to him, either. What am I to do?" she cried, and again fell to weeping violently.

"One can not act better than one knows," responded the other. "My dear friend, you are very young, and should not reproach yourself for not having the wisdom that is the reward of experience alone."

"But I knew better than to wound the heart of another. Of course I did not dream that I could be working permanent harm, but I was wicked enough to triumph over the

little inconveniences my conduct occasioned to him whom we have this day buried. Alas! they were not the small hurts that I believed them!"

"Undoubtedly your course with this unfortunate young man was not altogether prudent; but from what you have disclosed to me, I can not see that you are responsible for his emigration to this country; certainly not for his sickness and death."

"I knew that he loved me; I allowed him to go so far as to ask me to be his wife. Had I been plain-spoken and just, his hopes would not have risen so high."

"But did you not say that you loved him in return?"

"True, I did; not, however, with a love that was worthy of him. Heaven knows that I never sought to give him pain. I was blind—cruelly blind."

"Admitting your conduct to be censurable, again I say that it does not make you responsible for the young man's deplorable fate."

"When he received my answer to that fatal question, his reply was, 'My hopes are crushed; I must go so far away that we can never meet again!'"

"It is a hard lesson, my dear child; you will profit sufficiently by it without aggravating your offense. You did wrong; but at your years, few, under the circumstances, would have manifested greater wisdom or charity. Your injustice to the dead, if indeed you must regard your treatment as such, will teach you to deal more equitably with the living."

The penitent suddenly ceased from the sobbing that had been renewed upon pronouncing her former lover's last words to her; and remained, for some moments, in calm silence.

"That shall be my comfort," she said, at length; "I will be to the Doctor what I refused to be to him that sleeps."

Now that she was freed from the violence of her grief, her counselor administered the reproof and admonition from which she had hitherto judiciously withheld. There was a spark of vanity in Mrs. Durgin's brilliancy of girlish life. This was the worst offense with

which she could be charged. Never before had she stopped to consider the effect of her spontaneous, careless vivacity of thought and action. She was now but twenty years of age, and the experience recalled in this sorrowful manner had been that of some four years previous. It seems that Mrs. Monroe, in the course of their conversation after the death-scene, had given her the name of the deceased; which, in a moment of inadvertence, she had misunderstood. On their way home from the funeral, however, the name being again pronounced in her hearing, she recognized it as the familiar one of a man, several years her senior, that had early made her the object of his ardent affections. This first shock to her free and rather thoughtless life could not but be attended with a certain degree of remorse. It was one of those singularly pathetic incidents with many a parallel in the unwritten history of the mines of youthful California; but not the most tragic yet to befall the company of adventurers quartered in Camp Harrington.

Mrs. Monroe had fortunately omitted to mention to her companion the keepsakes that were intrusted to her care, in addition to the gold. With her habitual consideration she opened the box at a time when Mrs. Durgin was unable to be present. Having done so, she was not greatly astonished to find therein, among other treasures, the picture of a sweet, young face, an excellent likeness still of her whose sorrows she had sought to appease.

"Truly he loved her!" she exclaimed. "Little did the dying man suspect how near him, in his last moments, was she with whom he hoped to live a long and happy life!"

Only her husband and Blair were present.

"The Doctor has unconsciously performed a deed of rare graciousness," spoke the latter.

"Is it best to inform him of these particulars?" asked the Professor.

"If it were my case I should be happier to remain in ignorance of them," said Blair.

"Let us leave this point for his wife's decision," spoke Mrs. Monroe. "If she chooses to disclose to him what she knows, our further

facts may rightfully follow. Mrs. Durgin, however, must not learn that we found her picture here. Truth is not only stranger, but very much stranger than fiction."

Not long after this interview, Blair might have been heard to speak of quite another matter. He was relating to Ensign, in the presence of Uncle Lish, the attempt made upon his life, a few hours before.

"Are such characters as Crowell common in the diggings?" asked Ensign of the trapper.

"No, they're mighty scarce," was the answer. "It is jest as well for me to speak out a leetle, though the Cap'ain has made me go kinder shy by keepin' mum hisself."

"Speak," said Blair. "We will now make a clean breast of it."

"Waal, arter Mose giv me notice o' this feller's tryin' to play us by coaxin' him away, I knowed derned sudden we hed business on our hands aside from minin'; and I hev been on track o' the partic'lar derned whelp ever since. He hasn't been in the diggins long. Sence he has been here he has come the per-lite, you understand, and got on the inside o' the boys. He's edicated, and stands square on his heels, and carries a good face. Sich nat'rally git the lead. But it seems that the chap don't take to Camp Harrington. To simmer the whole thing down to a teaspoonful, we've got to keep on the lookout. Do you savey?"

"What shall we do?" asked Blair.

"The first thing we ken prove on him, take his pelt," answered the trapper. "That's the law o' the mines."

"For some reason," again spoke Blair, "I would rather one of you would kill him than to do it myself."

"I will not miss the opportunity you did, the night he called," said Ensign.

"I've missed him oncen, too," concluded the trapper; "but he needn't be too derned certing thet that thar was my last chip."

CHAPTER XX.

Having allowed our friends six weeks of steady mining, a few rainy days excepted,

the reader may look in upon them, on this bright November morning, expecting to find a considerable change in their circumstances. The five proprietors, with the assistance of Uncle Lish and Mose, have taken out from the ravines the handsome sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, over and above their expenses. Mose has received his wages only, as far as his own acknowledgment extends, though it is the opinion of those that have had the opportunity of watching his movements, that he has taken smart toll for all the gold he has contributed to the grand treasury of The Swilling Mining Company. Indeed, it has been found necessary to remind this religious free citizen of the United States, several times, of the dire penalty inflicted for theft in this particular locality of his beloved country. Once Blair compelled him to empty a certain inside pocket that he had lately inserted in his highly-checked paraphernalia, in the presence of the assembled company. This Mose proceeded to do without the slightest embarrassment; and, as the precious flow of hidden treasures ceased, he turned first to his master, then to the others, a look of child-like simplicity and innocence.

"Lor' sakes!" he exclaimed, "Massa Blair, I'se powerful sorry to 'spose o' this present 'fore your birthday. You is welcome to dis little, dis blessed minute; but as I referentiated, I should ha' been drefle tickled to have addified to it for de two weeks com'in 'fore dat time o' jubilee."

What could be said in reply to this? No sober man could make answer. Shocking as it may sound, there was one hearer, however, sufficiently elated by intricately-constructed beverages obtained at the trading-post in Weaverville, to imagine himself capable of a response.

"Turn the fractious whelp over to me, Cousin Mor'mer; I can tender 'im just the right sort of gratitude. Mose (hic) ought to stop cooking, and take an (hic) office under the gover'ment."

James Swilling's appearance, as he dispensed this imperfectly-articulated humor, would have made the most devout and stern

Puritan laugh in spite of all effort to the contrary. His hat sat just far enough upon his head to hold its place; one glass was knocked out of his spectacles, while his lank body, cased in a shrunken flannel shirt, only less limber than his willow-like legs, swayed awkwardly forward and backward, then from side to side, as holding with both bony, begrimed hands to the lower branch of a sapling, he sought to reduce the two figures of Mose that he saw into the one actually existing. James had dug more gold, by some two thousand dollars, than any of his associates. A change in his naturally-retired behavior soon became evident. At night, instead of remaining about the camp-fire with the others, he began to absent himself for the society of some jollier miners that had commenced work but a little distance away. Several times he had returned from the festivities shared with his new companions in a state of mind painfully bewildered. Blair had extracted from his wayward relative as many promises of reform as he had committed offenses against the decorum of the camp. Both ladies had used their influence, but the boy's mind was so thoroughly imbued with the wild life inspired by success, and freedom from all the restraints of home, that his hours of penitence easily glided into those of further transgression.

"He is positively mad," said the Doctor, "and the best way is to oppose him as little as possible. If we manage his money, and leave his conduct to himself, he will come round, one of these days."

The trapper heard this professional opinion. He did not venture an open reply, but taking Blair one side, he said: "Cap'ain, when I see that feller with the lump glued to his hand, down what we took in the b'ar, I made up my mind about 'im, right then and thar. Sez I, 'That chap 'll never see the States agin. 'Tain't no use o' talkin'. You can't stop 'em when they gits this durned twist onct into their heads. He's one o' the cleverest creeturs God ever lost sight on; but he's a goner. Californy 'll git the best of 'im, you bet your life."

The sudden alteration in James was altogether the most striking; nevertheless there was another that must not be left unnoticed. In the few weeks that have elapsed since the burial, Mrs. Durgin has grown several years older in mien and manner. Not that the youthful bloom has gone from her cheek; that is there as bewitching as ever. But the elder lady no longer regards her as the child she was when first they met. The Doctor, who does not see the finer shades of character with any more than the average quickness of discernment, is daily surprised with the increasing worth of his youthful mate. In fact, he has said to her repeatedly:

"Lina, what *has* come over you? I don't believe you loved me at all when you used to declare you did. Now, when you say little or nothing about it, I positively believe you are getting as fond of me as I have always been of you. Upon my soul, I've a notion to do my courting all over again."

Still another proof of the swift ripening of Mrs. Durgin's character is to be found in the respect paid her by Blair and by Ensign. The latter had been a warm admirer of Mrs. Monroe from the first. Now he acknowledged that the younger lady deserved to share with her the honors of pure, delightful womanliness. There seemed to be something in the very air the miner breathed, in the early days, that could not leave him what he was. He must change, either for the better, or for the worse. Our company were not subject to the second grand cause of this alteration, namely, the exclusive society of one sex; but the first grand cause, the literal *finding* of riches, accompanied by the influence of isolation from the world in which they had been reared—this they felt with unusual directness. They had already accumulated a small fortune; they had already met many dangers. Not a sight or sound of nature or of man was familiar, while both were frequently strikingly strange. The consequence of an experience comprehending all these could not be other than reconstruction of thought and feeling, more or less complete according to the susceptibility of the individual acted upon.

Notwithstanding the general security of property in the mines, it was deemed wiser by our friends to convey their gold to Sutter's Fort. Moreover, the provisions must be replenished before the setting-in of winter. Accordingly Blair determined to undertake the two-fold task of marketing the gold, and bringing back a load of provisions. The Professor was selected as his companion for the journey; while Uncle Lish was to accompany them, as guide, to the point where his services would be no longer necessary. Travel could not be safer in any country, at any time: this was the rule. But our party, having discovered several exceptions to it, took every precaution to conceal the gold, and give the wagon and extra horses for packing back the provisions the appearance of being dispatched on the simple errand of procuring supplies. There was only one man from whom trouble was anticipated, and he was too busy working his claim to leave it. Blair thought less of himself than of those he was to leave behind. The Professor was the least available man at camp that would be of any assistance to him upon his journey; accordingly, he was chosen as companion, while the intrepid trapper and Ensign, with the Doctor as medical protector, were left to guard Camp Harrington and to press on the work.

The day after Blair's departure, it being Sunday, and the trapper having returned in the early morning with the news that he and the Professor were enjoying a quiet journey, the remaining members of the company decided to spend the day in visiting Weaverville. The ladies had seen little work in claims other than those in which they themselves were interested. The Doctor especially desired a closer acquaintance with the habits of his unknown neighbors. There was a more powerful incentive to their going than either of these. Not a letter had been received from home. It had been a week since the messenger returned from Weaverville empty-handed. Now, perhaps, the longed-for missives were awaiting them. The ladies declared that they "could not wait much longer"; while the men consoled them

by saying it was the most cruel deprivation of life to be six consecutive weeks without the sight of a newspaper. It was thought that a letter from *home* (how sweet the word sounded!) would be as beneficial to James as it would be gratifying to his despairing associates. This angular and wayward son of fortune read his Bible and examined Mary's last gifts to him, particularly her picture, every night of his life. Certainly he could not be beyond hope.

Weaverville at this time was beginning to be a settlement of some pretensions. Miners were daily growing more numerous in the Dry Diggings of Weaver Creek and vicinity. It was too far for the ladies to travel on foot. Uncle Lish therefore arranged two men's-saddles so that they could sit sidewise upon them: and the journey was made rapidly and comfortably. It was a gala-day in town. The miners from all directions, within a radius of five miles, had congregated to patronize the bars and gaming-tables, and compare notes of the week's success. The little hamlet of log-cabins was thoroughly alive, and more than one of the wild cattle that had been for days growing thinner and thinner in flesh within the large "Starvation Corral," were led forth and slaughtered to eke out the deficient preparations of the day before. It was a festal day, but none of our friends, with the exception of James, could enter readily into its spirit. The trapper found an old comrade with whom he happily recalled a winter in the wilds of Oregon; but the mirth was too boisterous to be relished by the party as a whole. Mose, now subject to the authority of Ensign, in the absence of his master, had been wisely enjoined to remain within the confines of Camp Harrington. The ladies having been fairly stared out of self-composure, soon sought the protection of a woman that was realizing a small fortune from the sale of cakes and pies. Some of the men, more soberly inclined than the others, were engaged in doing their own private baking for the week; while others busied themselves repairing their coarse garments or driving a needed nail into the soles of their heavy boots. One subject

was eagerly discussed, even at the gaming-tables, where the requisite concentration of mind upon the "keerds" ought to have excluded it and all others; while the social groups lounging before the bars were really unable to refrain from introducing it into the midst of disquisitions on topics exceedingly remote.

"Why don't he put in an appearance?" asked one.

"What in thunder has got 'im?" inquired a second, seeking an explanation of the same problem that vexed the first interrogator.

"Treed by a grizzly," answered a third.

"Whisky," laconically responded a fourth.

Presently an end was put to these speculations by the coming of a rider, driving before him a pack-horse heavily loaded. For a few moments it seemed as if this rider, horse and all, would be crushed by the crowd that instantly surrounded him. He escaped, however; and, mounted on an ox-cart, began calling off, in a wretchedly rough voice, the names of those whose friends in the "States" had blessed them with a letter. There was no gambler stolid enough to continue his game; the tippler forsook his cups; every man, whatever occupied him at the time, joined the tumultuous throng and listened for the sound of his own name.

"James Swilling!"

"Here!" came an immediate response; and the next instant a pale youth clambered toward the cart, kicking several men's shins and falling once to the ground himself before reaching the precious missive.

"From his gal!" shouted one.

"Three cheers for his sweetie!" cried another.

But James heard nothing. With the letter clenched tightly in his hand, he hurried stumblingly from sight. At length rose the cry of "Papers!" The letters being now distributed, there remained articles more expensive still, for whomsoever would "put up" his dollar.

"New York papers, only three months old!"

It is a miracle that they were not torn to pieces by the famished applicants. The

supply was soon exhausted: and what a change had come over Weaverville! Such utter absorption in reading-matter will never be witnessed again until some remote region of the world brings to us another California and another "Fall of '49." The most indifferent notice read as thrillingly as a tale of blood, and the dullest advertisement animated the heart of the peruser with all the fervor of a story of love. Trade was terribly slack among the liquor-merchants, and monte-kings were compelled to sit in idleness upon their lonely thrones. Many a batch of coffee and bread was burned to a crisp that day: many a needle and thread lost, and cobbler's tool misplaced. The miners of Weaverville had turned *litterateurs*. One gentleman of letters sat reading carefully down the fine-printed stock reports of a New York daily, while his shirts, that he had started to wash, floated unchecked down the stream. Another became so bewildered by the brilliant columns of a home paper, that when he laid it down, he could not, for his life, tell where he had that morning buried a bag containing dust to the value of a thousand dollars.

Such was the general scene. One young man, however, had got too deeply into his cups, previous to the arrival of the mail, to forego his intentions of immediately destroying an imaginary foe, who, he declared, had not only insulted himself, but disgraced his entire family—one of high distinction in old Massachusetts. After several unsuccessful attempts to procure suitable weapons with which to commit his intended deed of violence upon another, he finally decided, in an exceedingly prosaic manner, to satiate his thirst for human sacrifice upon himself. For this purpose he bent his steps toward a boarding-shanty known as "Hollinger's Crib." Here he stepped into an apartment off the bar-room, that was used for the storage of saddles and bridles belonging to guests of the house. Selecting a *riata*, he returned to the bar, and leaped upon it with this implement in his hand. The proprietor, with two of his guests sat directly in front of the scene of action. The three saw this movement of the

"Maniac from Massachusetts"; but, preserving the grand rule of propriety obtaining in the mines, minded their own affairs, suffering the eccentric gymnast to proceed with his performance. This he did by first tying one end of the *riata* round his neck, then throwing the other over one of the peeled poles stretching across the room overhead, in place of a ceiling. Next securing the rope to the pole, leaving it just long enough to reach from one of its fastenings to the other, he sprang off the bar toward the floor. As he did so, the momentum of his leap carried his feet, well-suspended in air, directly in a line with the proprietor's face. This gentleman, desirous to avoid both personal injury and any interference with the programme, evidently intended for the benefit of himself and his guests, bent his head one side, and allowed the flying boots to pass uninterruptedly, and return to a state of rest, in their proper position, before him. The spectacle was not one of the most entertaining kind; for the performer did no more than hang by his neck, motionless, as any one might do should he make the attempt. Presently, however, he began to grow black in the face; which feat, though it elicited no applause, did cause a break in the conversation of the trio of spectators.

"He means business, I reckon, after all," spoke one.

"Mistook your men this time, sonny," remarked a second. "We are comfortable if you are."

Blacker and blacker grew the face of the unfortunate, drooping forlornly in mid-air. It was now that a six-footer presented himself at the door.

"That's his pard," said one of the trio.

"What in Jericho is goin' on here?" roared the new-comer, glancing at the hanging body of his comrade.

"That's what we was jest a-wonderin'," was the answer.

This reply not being satisfactory, the curiosity of the inquirer became so immediately uncontrollable, that he leaped upon the bar and began sawing off the *riata* with a dull jackknife. The task was commendable, but

tedious. Finally it was completed, when the liberated body fell, as if lifeless, to the floor. The *riata* was speedily loosened, and a brisk chafing of the skin followed. Not a word was spoken during this effort of doubtful efficacy. At last, to the surprise of all, signs of life were apparent. Other restorative treatment was now resorted to; and, at the expiration of an hour, the man that in a few seconds more would have been numbered with the dead, again painfully resumed his place among the living. The Doctor's services being brought into requisition before the above restoration was effected, he had a new and highly-instructive incident to relate on his journey home.

Both ladies, having received letters, were in a condition of mind to listen to the direst tales; and, notwithstanding all the Doctor's efforts to compel them to a contrary statement, they persisted in declaring that they had "passed very pleasant day." James was not one of the returning party. Let it not be too quickly decided, however, that he staid in Weaverville bent upon a spree. It is true that he drank before the arrival of the mail; but it is equally true that he abstained after that time. A more sober man than he became before he had read his letter from Mary once through, was not to be found in the vicinity. Every word of simply-expressed affection smote him to the heart. He could no longer endure the presence of his companions, much less that of the riotous strangers; therefore he early took his way homeward, choosing a different route from that by which he came. Whether his meditations upon the maid of Swansea were rewarded with more than a lover's bliss and pains, will not be disclosed until the reader has once more dwelt upon the shifting scenes of Sutter's Fort.

CHAPTER XXI.

Blair, having reached the Fort in safety, and completed his business transactions, was looking forward to an evening of quiet with the hospitable Captain. It was his second night away from camp. The Professor had a few

moments before gone down town, when the Captain, for whom Blair was waiting, came suddenly into his presence.

"I am sorry," said he in a very different from his usual manner, "to think that there is trouble among those you have left in the hills."

"What do you mean, Captain?"

"The 'Gazelle' was here, but a moment since, to ask me if any of your party bore the name of Monroe? Upon my replying that a Professor Monroe and his wife were among your number, a serious expression overshadowed her beautiful face; and for several seconds she remained silent. Meanwhile I informed her that the Professor and another of the company were now in the settlement. Having learned this fact, she appeared to be relieved of her embarrassment; and, first enjoining secrecy upon me regarding her inquiry toward all persons but the Professor, begged me to send him to her immediately upon his return."

"But why do you infer from this that misfortune has befallen our friends in the diggings?"

"She gave me so to understand. I endeavored to obtain a plain statement of fact, but refusing further disclosure, she again made emphatic the necessity of her having an interview with the Professor, and hastily departed."

"This is strange enough!" spoke Blair, running over in his mind the possible harms that could have overtaken his comrades; and wondering how whatever had happened could come to the knowledge of the mysterious young woman.

"There is something singular about the affair," rejoined the Captain; "but, after all, I am not in the least surprised. It is only one among many of the unaccountable exhibitions of the Gazelle's command of the entire region. She is informed of everything far and near, and in due season. Depend upon it, she is not acting without authority."

"The Professor may not be back for some hours. The case, if worthy of attention, should be inquired into at once. I will wait upon the lady. Where is she to be found?"

"It seems eminently proper that you should do so," returned the Captain, "in view of the urgency of speedy action. I think you will have little difficulty of gaining access to her place of retirement."

The address left by the Gazelle being given him, Blair forthwith started upon his peculiar errand. At last he was to stand face to face with the only female that had ever exercised upon him an indisputable fascination. He was to speak to her; perhaps to hear from her lips painful information concerning those for whose safety he was as anxious as if they were of his own family. Much he wondered, as hurriedly he passed on toward town. All that he knew of the mysterious lady he brought together, weighed it, and sought to come to some conclusion as to how far she was to be trusted. He inclined to view her entirely from the bright side; but his reason must also dwell upon that resting in shadow.

"She is a gambler—of this much there is no question," he reflected. "A devotee of this dangerous art certainly should not inspire implicit confidence. There may be a plot, concocted by her and unknown confederates, to get possession of the gold we have found. She shall gain no information from me, not even my own name. If she has aught of interest to communicate, well and good."

Such were Blair's final thoughts; but meanwhile, his heart continued to tell him, with its quickened beating, that he was to meet with a friend, not a foe, in her whose character he was so severely questioning. Once more among the little, fragile tenements of the City of the Plain, he would have made some endeavor to find the Professor, had he not wished to make the acquaintance of the Gazelle. Moreover, he felt that he could transact whatever business might arise, in a manner that would do no harm if it did no good. At length he came to the place whither he had been directed. It was a small dwelling, at the south-westerly end of the town. Two large sycamores stood before it; while beneath them, smoking energetically, sat a man that evidently had seen service in the mines. Blair bowed as he passed, then rapped at the door.

"Who was you lookin' for?" asked the miner.

"I have a matter of importance with the Gazelle," answered Blair.

"She aint in," was the brief but civil response.

"But she made an appointment with me."

"What is your name, if you please?"

"Professor Monroe," answered Blair.

"Go in, and knock at the first door you come to, on your left."

Blair had got in; but he did not feel as safe as he might. Involuntarily he touched the handles of his revolvers before rapping, as he had been directed. But when the door opened, how foolish he thought he had been! Never had he set foot in a more quiet, home-like place.

"La Gazela?" asked the Indian girl by whom he was ushered in.

He bowed his head affirmatively, seeing at once that the girl was not familiar with English. Immediately the servant retired, leaving him in a state of expectancy that he had never before experienced. He endeavored to put himself at ease by an examination of the prettily-arrayed apartment, here and there decorated with some curious ornament as costly as it was strange. A domestic atmosphere pervaded the room. Particularly noticeable were various brilliant effects produced by the ingenious disposition of rare articles, that told unmistakably of a familiarity with the luxury of the old world.

"She has Spanish blood in her veins," said the visitor to himself. "I had suspected that. I would prefer to be somewhat more becomingly dressed, were my errand in my own behalf."

Blair was attired in a blue shirt, dark breeches, and high boots. While this was not exactly suitable apparel for the occasion, still, no other could have given him a more commanding appearance. It did not take the Indian girl a moment to decide that he was extremely prepossessing in form and feature; for so she described him upon returning to her mistress. The latter was making her toilet at the time of the announcement, but she did not see fit, because of the

glowing language of the maid, to take any further pains. How she appeared, as she presented herself to Blair, the reader must judge from the following imperfect description. The door opened into the apartment where he was sitting, and he saw coming toward him a young woman of a little more than medium height. Her remarkably graceful form was rendered still more striking by a richly-embroidered skirt, brilliant in color, and trimmed with costly lace. This was short enough to reveal a hint of ankles exquisitely molded. The lady's hair was jet-black, and hung in heavy plaits down her back. In a word, she was attired after the fashion of the wealthy native-born Californian ladies, with the exception of the *rebozo*. This, for some reason, was omitted. These luxurious habiliments, however, were not the first to attract Blair's attention. The large, lustrous black eyes, most beautiful of all her perfect features, scarcely permitted him to make further scrutiny of her person. He rose to his feet as she approached, and was astonished to perceive a slight pallor creep upon the young woman's cheeks after she had gained a full view of his own features.

"I beg your pardon, lady," said he—"I have practiced a trifling deception in order to gain admission to your presence. Professor Monroe is my near friend, and I have come, in his absence, to speak and to hear for him."

"And your name, sir, please?"

"My name is Holmes, lady; and I am at your service."

A relieved expression instantly took possession of the features of the mysterious beauty; and requesting her caller to be seated, she sat herself down by the window opposite him.

"You may know me," said she, "by the name given me by the miners. Though undeserved, it is prettier than another."

"I cannot but attest its aptness," replied Blair, "while I assure you that I will be contented with any name that your pleasure may adopt."

"We are strangers, sir," continued the other, in tones of exceptional sweetness.

"My life is one of seclusion. Unless com-

pelled to make acquaintances, I never do so. My business with Professor Monroe forced me to request an interview. But I do not know that what I might say to him, could be as safely intrusted to his friend?"

Then the speaker looked searchingly into Blair's face, as if she would read his very thoughts. It was plain that there was something about him that roused her caution. To a man thoroughly honest this was a welcome discovery; for it argued a desire for honorable dealing upon the part of the lady.

"I have no means of assuring you of that," answered Blair to the question last addressed to him, "other than the promise, upon the honor of one that claims to be a gentleman, that any confidence you may see fit to intrust to his keeping will be in nowise betrayed."

"I believe you, sir."

"If I mistake not," continued Blair, taking courage, "it was you, lady, that kindly advanced to me a word of warning, some weeks since, as I stood in front of the City Hotel."

"I confess it," responded the other, blushing slightly. "I am privileged beyond the generality of my sex in other climes, here in this land where women are so rare. I had observed you previous to that night of unrestrained revelry, and judged you, in my haste, to be one habitually above the pleasures to be enjoyed upon the occasion to which you refer."

Blair now became satisfied that the respect entertained by him for the strange lady was reciprocated. For the return of a feeling somewhat more tender, emanating from him, he had not like proofs. Still, the fair creature must have taken a certain degree of interest in his welfare.

"It is earnestly to be hoped that nothing has since occurred to disturb the first good impression," he responded. "I made a futile attempt to return my thanks at the time the favor was conferred. Though at a late hour, please accept them now."

Women of the years of the Gazelle are very few that would not be moved by the

gracious dignity of the Bostonian. The beauty of the lustrous-eyed, radiant daughter of mystery had quickened his rare native gift of speech and manner. It was not the inspiration of passion, but something closely allied to it. A clown must have acquired somewhat of nobility in the presence of such loveliness.

"You owe me not the smallest debt of gratitude," responded the lady to his expression of thankfulness. "I owe *you* a brief apology for the dress in which I now appear. I was not expecting to see another than the Professor, nor did I think he would call so soon. It may be necessary for me to be present at a Spanish party in the hills, ere long, and I was just examining my outfit as you came in."

Blair attempted to reply, but the speaker checked the words of compliment ready upon his lips.

"You have promised to be noble and just," she continued, with the slow accents of seriousness. "Upon that consideration I am to make known to you certain important facts. There is one condition more; which is, that you will question me no further than is necessary for a full and complete understanding of the information to be conveyed."

"I shall not intentionally transgress the laws of politeness," responded Blair.

"I believe you, sir," again responded the Gazelle. "And now to the fulfillment of my part of the agreement. *Professor Monroe's wife is not to be found by her companions.*"

"Horrors! Lady, do you speak the — I beg your pardon, but relieve me of my suspense if it be in your power."

"I perceive that you do not altogether doubt me; and I will explain to you the matter in full. She was this morning, at an early hour, abducted from the cabin, in the absence of the other members of your company. You have met a tall, rather impressive-looking man that has been working a claim near your own?"

"He? Crowell!" growled Blair, savagely. Then rising to his feet, and, for a moment, forgetting himself, he exclaimed: "Lady, if

you meant to render me a lasting service, why did you not acquaint me with this monstrous proceeding immediately upon our meeting? Is it your pleasure to speak further?"

"I pray you, be calm," answered the other. "I, and I alone, can assist you. The lady is in danger neither of her life nor of the sacredness of her person, at the present time. Should I not know to whom I speak before making free with my words?"

"I implore your forgiveness. I was too hasty, and knew not what I said."

"Through a strange succession of circumstances, the man Crowell has become thoroughly known to me."

"You have the acquaintance, lady, of a most hopeless villain," interrupted Blair.

"I cannot commend his character," continued the speaker. "It condemns itself in the very act considered. I received the information now given you not more than an hour and a half since, from the mouth of one that witnessed Mrs. Monroe's removal."

"Where is he?" asked Blair, excitedly.

"He has returned," was the reply. There is no time for you to doubt further. The lady, though safe, is necessarily in a deplorable condition of mind; while her friends, distracted because of her disappearance—they do not know the attendant circumstances—are searching the hills in vain for traces that may lead to her discovery."

"Sorrow—shame!" exclaimed Blair. "The lovely, innocent woman! And her good husband—it will break his heart! What is to be done? Tell me, and let me hasten back immediately."

"If you will command your patience, your friend shall be restored. I know the exact spot where she is confined," continued the speaker, rising, and exhibiting a glow of passion that she had up to this point restrained. "Promise me protection," said she, "and I will escort you thither."

"Though it takes the last drop of my heart's blood, you shall be defended from every peril," responded Blair, rising also, with flashing eyes.

"Meet me, then, in an hour from this time, in the oak-grove to the eastward of the Fort. Provided that you and your comrade are well-mounted and well-armed, we shall need no other assistance."

"My hand," said Blair, "is unfit to touch one so fair, but may I extend it, lady, in pledge of my good faith, and most exalted appreciation of your services?"

He did not wait for permission, but seizing in his powerful grasp the hand that was half outreached, he continued: "You conferred a favor upon a needy friend of mine, early upon our arrival in San Francisco; you did me a personal kindness, a short time since, within a few rods of where we now stand; you are presently to manifest a crowning benevolence toward another friend: for all of which I have not the language to express my gratitude. Grant me but the occasion to requite your goodness, and my actions shall make amends for the failure of my speech."

The lady, withdrawing her hand, bowed respectfully, saying:

"The secret of La Gazela is your own."

Blair, having reached the Fort, found his comrade awaiting him, breathless with excitement.

"What has happened?" he cried. "The Captain has filled me with terror, though I have but this moment returned."

"My good friend," answered Blair, "compose yourself, while I speak words that must grieve you deeply. Your wife —"

"My wife —!"

"She is safe; but that thrice-damned rascal that bore the body and afterward shot at me, the day of the funeral, has taken her prisoner, and carried her several miles from camp."

"Blair," asked the husband, trembling in every muscle, "is she safe?"

"Yes, I speak the naked truth. Of course her situation is extremely terrifying; but the strange enchantress that has given me the facts, assures me that if we proceed to the spot where she is concealed, we shall find her unharmed."

"Let us go at once!"

"Yes, and the lady herself is to direct our course. We are to meet her, and begin the journey in a few moments. It is a mysterious affair; but however it may be ultimately explained, the young woman known as the 'Gazelle,' understands the situation; and, what is more, the infamous scoundrel with whom we are to deal."

"Would it not be wise to take help with

us? Heaven spare one of earth's sweetest and most innocent creatures!"

"No, we will first acquaint the Captain with as much as he should know; then follow to the letter the instructions of our guide. We have but to obtain good horses, and we are ready. Our own horses and the wagon must remain here until some of us return."

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE SECLUSION AND ISOLATION OF HAWTHORNE.

In the course of that most delightful conversation upon Hawthorne which was held last summer at the Concord School of Philosophy, I suggested the inquiry as to how far Hawthorne's shy and isolated life was reflected in his writings. It would have been a most execrable piece of bad taste to interrupt the charming flow of personal reminiscence on that fresh and serene summer morning, by entering at length upon that subject. It seems that the few remarks which I did make (unsatisfactory and fragmentary as they were) served to whet curiosity in several quarters, and I therefore beg leave to state here in full what I have to say upon the matter.

Mr. Lathrop's *Study of Hawthorne* is a most conscientious and German-like piece of historical and psychological work. The subtle thoughts that are sprinkled through its chapters, reveal a deep, and quiet, and delicate mind. The finest things in it are unconscious; show the careless ease of great strength. The whole ground is covered by the writer, and yet part of the work is not cleanly done; it is cluttered by the chips and snippings. Often the lightning of his thought falls not through the cloud like a swift sword of gold, but fills it all with dim phosphorescence. The elusive thought often lurks in the far background—like the figure in Alice Pynecon's vision. Perhaps it may be due to this characteristic of his work that I have failed to discover in it more than an allusion

to the subject I am about to treat. He wisely warns us against making Hawthorne's writing autobiographic. To do so, would be pedantic and ridiculous. May we ever be spared such profanation of the writing of our most delicate genius. We tremble lest some fool may set about the fool's task. Let me clear my skirts at once of any such crime, by stating that I intend only to maintain, in a general way, that (there is a single thought running through all Hawthorne's larger dramas of sin, and through the large number of minor tales that delineate the effects of sin upon the life, namely: the thought that sin isolates the individual from sympathy with his fellowmen; and further, that this fact of the isolating power of sin, Hawthorne was enabled to understand, not because he sinned the sins of which he writes, but because of the peculiar solitude and loneliness of his early life, together with the exquisite susceptibility of remorse for any little intentional or unintentional wrong done by him, which susceptibility he possessed in common with all delicate natures.) To understand how deeply the chill of loneliness struck into Hawthorne's soul in the Salem days, we have, first and always, to remember the tremulous susceptibility of his nature; and second, to have an adequate knowledge of the chief cause of his solitude—*i. e.*, the character of the society in which he lived. It is true that his inherited disposition was such that he would al-

ways have lived in greater or less retirement under any circumstances. But the peculiar relation in which he stood to Salem society intensified the natural bias of his disposition. On page 138 of his *Study*, Mr. Lathrop gives us the facts. Hawthorne was poor and a Democrat, in the midst of a proud Whig aristocracy. The town was divided up into "circles of social mummies, swathed in cements harder than brass," to use the words of another as applied to Boston society. Hawthorne in Salem writhed under the blows of a triple-thonged lash; poverty, unpopular political standing, and apparent failure as a writer. The gentle melancholy of his nature was deepened by these things. As he brooded long and solitarily over the social stigma under which he labored, and the apparent unsuccessfulness of his literary work—as he drank the bitter wine of defeat, and day by day heard through the quiet house the trailing of the black robes of sorrow—there not only stole over his soul a poignant consciousness of the evil of aloofness from the cheerful, busy life of men, but, to his quick conscience, it almost seemed as if it were due, in his case, to some inherent defect of nature. He sometimes started like a guilty thing at the apparition of himself. And yet, after all, these moods were only occasional and transient. His robust and healthy physique enabled him to play the master over these despondent moods. In the gleaming sunny chambers of his fantasy were many doors opening abruptly upon the dark, inane, and ghost-haunted region of despair, and if occasionally he permitted the dim phantoms to troop through the opened doors, it was only that he might group them, sketch them, and then wave them back.

In the character of Gervase Hastings, in the *Christmas Banquet*, the isolated and unsympathetic nature is most powerfully personified. The character is typical—*i. e.*, it is an almost impossibly-perfect impersonation of the trait of character to be described. The character seems to be a purely typical instance, for this further reason—that the misfortune of loneliness appears not to be due to any sin of Gervase Hastings himself, but

to have been inherited. The feeling is thus described by him: "It is a chillness; a want of earnestness; a feeling as if what should be my heart were a thing of vapor; a haunting perception of unreality." In a passage in *The Marble Faun*, the character is still more vividly described: "This perception of an infinite shivering solitude, amid which we cannot come close enough to human beings to be warmed by them, and where they turn to cold, chilly shapes of mist, is one of the most forlorn results of any accident, crime, or peculiarity of character, that puts an individual at jar with the world." It was this sense of chillness and unreality that made Gervase Hastings the most miserable of the ten miserable guests annually assembled at the Christmas Banquet. Year after year, in accordance with the founder's bequest, the flaring torches mingled their golden splendor with the purple of the dusky curtains in the somber, wreath-hung hall. Year after year the guests assembled, only each time to murmur at the bestowal of the cypress-wreath upon the only one of their number who seemed to have no grief. But his misfortune was the deepest of all: he felt no strong emotion of any kind. Joy moved him not; nor grief. Men passed before him like shadows on the wall. His children came coldly to his knees. His wife wept in secret at the desolation of her life. His riches, his cultivated and scholarly taste, his library—none of these things alleviated his misfortune; he was the most miserable of human beings.

The key-note of the story called *Ethan Brand* is, that the unpardonable sin is to have so seared the soul by crime that one has utterly destroyed his sympathy for his fellow-men. How this powerful story makes one shudder! In whose mind is not the picture of that white and crumbling skeleton in the lime-kiln forever indelibly impressed? *Rappaccini's Daughter* is one of the most enchanting of Hawthorne's minor stories, glowing with the richest fancy, with a perfect melody of words, like the sound of far-off mellow bells. It seems almost sacrilegious to spoil such a work of pure art with a moral; and yet in all Hawthorne's work the

ethical purpose of the Puritan lurks beneath the artist's delight in the beautiful. Almost all his fictions have a moral. That of *Rapaccini's Daughter* is, that we should avoid the baleful influence of the selfish study of art or science for the sake of personal culture, and apart from sympathy for our fellow-men. In the story of *Young Goodman Brown*, again we are solemnly warned against the sin of distrust of our fellows. The same lesson is to be drawn from *Egotism, or The Bosom Serpent*. Haunted by the dreadful belief that a snake was lodged in his breast, the hero, Roderick Elliston, was cured of his hallucination the moment his gentle wife whispered in his ear the words, "Forget yourself in the idea of another." Then did he perceive that the serpent in his bosom was his own selfishness.

In *The Blithedale Romance*, the stern and selfish philanthropy of Hollingsworth has gradually isolated him from sympathy with the warm, and loving, and erring human beings immediately around him. Sin isolates both the sinner, and also, in many cases, the one sinned against—the innocent person. For examples of the latter kind, see Hilda, Hepzibah and Clifford, and Roger Chillingworth. The case of Donatello is very interesting—very beautiful and subtle. After his sin, the nymph was frightened from the fountain of his ancestral home, and the birds refused any longer to come at his call. The fountain-nymph symbolizes the quiet and soothing effects of nature upon the innocent mind; and in his delineation of Donatello, Hawthorne has shown us how, by sin, one is not only isolated from his brother-men, but also from nature—hardest lot of all to the poetic mind. But repentance can work a change; and in the case of Donatello, we are told that "when first the idea was suggested of living for the welfare of his fellow-creatures, the original beauty which sorrow had partly effaced came back elevated and spiritualized. In the black depths the Faun had found a soul, and was struggling with it toward the light of heaven." The experience

of Hester Prynne is exactly similar. Recall the scene in the forest—the meeting of Dimmesdale with Hester and little Pearl. The great master's hand (which never forgot its cunning) here showed its power, in causing the old beauty to return to Hester's face, and the sunshine to break out around her, when for a moment she resolved to break the spell that held her a solitary recluse, and share with her husband the joys of social life in some distant land. And, although she was disappointed in this plan, and the old sad look returned to her face, yet note that after the confession and death of Dimmesdale, when the guilty one had but the bond of union with her townsmen of common knowledge and confession of sin, her nature yet grew chastened, and spiritualized, and refined by her ministrations to the suffering and sorrowing. "The scarlet letter ceased to be a stigma."

In the *Seven Gables* we have the indirect effect of sin portrayed. The crime of Judge Pyncheon not only made life to him in his secret soul a dreary unreality, and sealed up the fountain of love for his fellows, but it consigned to a life of terrible sadness and solitude two other innocent souls. Were ever loneliness and bitter grief so depicted before as in the person of poor Hepzibah? What iron gates of despair had forever closed upon her, with the consignment of Clifford to prison! And was ever utter hopelessness so pictured as it is in Clifford Pyncheon? Poor, delicate, sybarite nature, so hopelessly crushed.

The conclusion and the moral of the whole matter, I am sure, Hawthorne would say to be this: Sedulously avoid everything that tends to destroy sympathy and love in your breast. This was the course Hawthorne himself pursued. The entire period of his happy married life was one of social affection and sympathy. He saw the danger of isolation in time to avoid it, and in his *Dramas of Sorrow* he has, consciously or unconsciously, warned others against the danger, and helped them to avoid it.

WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY.

LITTLE MISS GILLIS'S PROTEGÉE.

Little Miss Gillis was an institution of the Port. She was an odd little person; her position was anomalous. Neither child nor woman, she occupied a vantage-ground midway between the two. To begin with, no one understood what attraction kept her queer old guardians thereabouts. The charm, and romance, and poetry of life here in the tropics surely must be lost on such prosaic old people as they were. Acquisitiveness had nothing to do with it; they were spending instead of getting money here, albeit they limited the niece's income to a degree that she dressed with mere decency. Both were in excessive health; climate was not the desideratum.

The old people were received in the best society the Port afforded. Whatever might have been their antecedents, they appeared and acted with propriety. As to slight peculiarities of speech, the native-born, with a limited command of English, could hardly be critical, and the American element was very sure not to be captiously fastidious; it was a pleasure here to meet a rare fellow-countryman, of whatever rank or grade. So they stayed on, and little Miss Gillis tramped about the Port, with Pantaleon, the small native *mozo*, behind her, and made her caustic little speeches, and watched Lane Fernald in her keen, wistful way, and had all manner of wondering comments made about her. In that land of early physical maturity, her extreme childishness of appearance enhanced her precocity of thought and expression. When she said her sharp little sayings, the natives were affected much as if a pet parrot had taken suddenly to satire and philosophy.

But little cared Miss Gillis for their looks of amaze or dismay. She was shrewd enough to understand that the fortune Uncle Dale held in trust would give countenance to antics far more *outré* than she ever thought

of; and, although the least arrogant of mortals, she was wise enough not to undervalue its influence. Oddly enough, those old high-caste families—and fiercely aristocratic were some of them, with the jealous exclusiveness inherited from haughty Spanish progenitors—enjoyed and respected the whimsical side of her character; they understood that her freaks were not purposeless, but deliberate; and they understood, too, that one must be very sure of one's self and one's standing, to afford risking position by unorthodox performances like some of her caprices. Not that Miss Gillis often descended to enter into tiresome explanations, which she considered by no means due from her; now and then, when her mood suited, she would enunciate her views on social and other subjects, with terrible, direct downrightness. But as a rule, she went her independent way with a self-reliance almost pitiable in one so young, since it showed how she had been thrown on her own resources. Indifferent seemed she to everything earthly—except Lane Fernald. Before his blonde beauty and perfect courtliness, she laid down her arms from the day when Fortunato Rangel introduced them on the swell-promenade of the Port. She pluckily kept her own counsel, however, except so much as was betrayed by her dark sad eyes, and launched stinging shafts, and made droll answers ever. Men enjoyed the little creature's talk, as they do enjoy mustard, or caviare, or any other relish after insipidity. These things please, even while they sting.

Fernald, who had been away at the mountains since Miss Gillis's advent at the Port, was not a little diverted by the impressiveness of his presentation to this atom of humanity. He had yet to learn what dire retribution befell the man who failed in any needful form toward her. Lane Fernald's manner to anything feminine was proverbial-

ly perfect, and, even before he discovered that something more than flippancy lay under her singular demeanor, he treated the girl with a distinction of courtesy and consideration that won her heart completely. He grew, too, to have a hearty liking for the strange child, for to him she was nothing more. Chance, circumstances, threw them together. Lane Fernald grew to understand the girl's anomalous character, to reconcile its inconsistencies, and to justify its *brusqueness*, as no other had done. From a casual acquaintance, they drifted into an intimacy of the best sort—one of those rare relations where each gives of his best. This friendship lasted unbroken, undisturbed, until Blanche Hershfeldt made her appearance upon the scene.

Around on that side of the Quevedo house which fronted on the *Calle del Ejercicio*, the Quevedos had rented several of their unused rooms to an elderly German who hailed from San Francisco. It was not a very regular proceeding, and some of the ultras cut the Quevedos for it; but they were poor, and creature comforts were dearer than *ton*, and so Isaac Hershfeldt fitted up his rooms as a sort of half *café*, half grocery, and dispensed the cheese and caviare, and bolognas and beer, sent down to him on every Isthmus-bound steamer. It became quite the thing for the young bloods of the Port to drop in there, to drink beer, and smoke strong pipes, and pretend they liked them.

One night Uncle Dale, who liked gossip, and who never could be made to understand the need of proprieties for an underground girl of fifteen, brought his niece in with him. She was self-possessed as a dowager, and by no means prudish; but there really were limits. And when Will Harris and that young exquisite, Ponce de Leon, the judge—who looked like a dandy, and gave decisions like a Daniel—and a number beside, came in, and eyed her with some discomposure, not entirely disguised, she began to fear her presence might be a restraint upon them.

Hershfeldt hoped Uncle Dale might develop into a regular visitant, and was naturally averse to his speedy departure. But, being

an astute and not unkindly man, he detected the girl's discomfort at the awkwardness of her situation.

"I don't think the young girl feels pretty goot here," he said, with rough Dutch accent; "there is too many young men. Wouldn't you like to come and talk a liddle wit' my daughter, Miss?"

Miss Gillis looked at her uncle; he was totally unconscious. He had not found himself in such good company for ages. All the clever young fellows of the Port either had dropped, or were dropping, in here; he had had no idea there were so many bright boys in town. Uncle Dale beamed assent. Will Harris was watching the girl with a look of intense amusement, which could not be concealed entirely, even by all the respect he really felt for her. Ponce de Leon gazed at her with grave wonder in his solemn grey eyes. There was no help for it; she rose desperately.

Hershfeldt led her out into the square court; she could see the open doors of the Quevedos' parlor, where some evening callers chirped and chattered. In the center of the *patio*, a great white urn gleamed ghost-like; a palm rustled overhead. A galaxy of white marguerites that twinkled at their feet, seemed to reflect the tropic stars; over the flat roofs sounded the rhythmic beat of the ocean's pulse. The creamy fragrance of delicate blossoms brought the tears to her eyes, from some spring of feeling that she could not have located. Here in the soft beauty of the tropic night, every sensibility of her nature thrilled to the conditions of time and place. In the few seconds since they emerged from the *café*, she had forgotten completely the existence of her companion, until he spoke.

"It's rough walking here. You bedder gif me your hand."

He took her slim, tapering, brown fingers into his heavy palm; the clammy clasp made her shudder. She had some inconsistently dainty ways.

Before them, where a lamp burned dimly, some one was singing the "Bedouin Song." Not one of the Quevedo girls—their English

was a joke; besides, they would never grow up to Bayard Taylor's music. Its passion they might feel—its poetry was beyond them.

The ill-assorted couple came out of the flower-scented *patio*, into a faintly-lighted room, where a girl came forward to them—a girl with slim shape, with delicately-colored face, framed in Gretchen-like braids of fair, brown hair—a girl whose wide grey eyes had the accent of black brows and lashes.

"*Planche*," said the old German, "I hafte wrought ofer a liddle girl to talk a liddle wit' you. You vill stay here wit' my *Planche* awhile, Miss Killis."

The old man went away to his customers; his daughter sought to make her guest welcome, and comfortable, so far as she could. But, like the woman with a restricted capacity for looking well, to-night little Miss Gillis could not be made very comfortable; she was morbidly sensitive on the score of her juvenility: Hershfeldt's "liddle girl" had aroused her uneasiness. And she had an impression that she had fallen among the Philistines.

In the eyes of the Port people, unappreciative of that artistic faculty that seeks the picturesque in defiance of the conventional, and the novel at the expense of the nice—in the eyes of those orthodox families, Miss Gillis's unconscious studies from life were her most violent outrage of propriety; for she would go with the utmost complacency, and sit in the withe-built hut of some *cargador*, or water-carrier, along the *Playa del Estero*. There she would cordially munch the *tortillas* and beans offered her; reposing, perhaps, with only a sheepskin between her and the earthen floor; oblivious of the chicken perched upon her hostess's black, unkempt head—of the eggs cooking in the bean-pot—of the inelegancy of her host's linen shirt, worn outside his wide, cotton trousers, and his bare, bronze legs rough-shod with raw-hide sandals. But here, where she was made the recipient of unwelcome hospitality, proffered on a plane approximate to equality, here she was ill at ease.

Blanche Hershfeldt had the advantages of metropolitan training, of constitutional calm-

ness of poise, and, above all, of the tonic mental atmosphere of her native city. Her self-possession and composure saw in her guest only a shy little girl whom she was to entertain. Ignorant as she was of her subject's bent—at a loss for any theme of common interest—her mind, with its essentially characteristic turn for diplomacy, set itself to discover what topic would give leverage upon her companion's thoughts. Her aptitude for reading faces told her of ill-success with glib commonplace or pretty platitude. Then the spirit of determination awoke strongly within her, and she bent every force of her will to the conquest of this insignificant little person, who presumed to disregard her efforts at attraction. Blanche had the strongest impulse of the coquette—that impulse which is a cause, rather than an effect of coquetry—the desire to please, and, by the power of pleasing, to subjugate all who appear within the circle of influence. Miss Hershfeldt experimented with cautious anecdotes and reminiscences of mother country, sounding the younger girl's depths of devotion to the native land from which she was practically exiled by circumstance. The expedient was attended with immediate and eminent success. Miss Gillis showed no lack of interest in what she heard now. She gave rapt attention to the piquant account of Californian life—as Blanche had found it. But she displayed, also, an unalterable loyalty to her foster-home; she was pleased with even those features of the country that least accorded with her own nature. Herself brisk, nervous, active, she thought perfect this repose in the mere sense of being, this luxurious languor of life.

Promptly and wilyly Blanche took issue with her, as a means adapted to awaken interest. Finally, moved by a fine calculation of the value of candor, or perhaps—for a girl could hardly be capable of such wholesale dissimulation—swayed by a sincere sense of loneliness, she admitted that much of her prejudice might be due to the solitary, isolated life she led.

"I know no ladies at all," she said; "no one comes to see me: I suppose that is be-

cause I have not yet learned the language. But I do wish you would be my friend. You ought, you know—you are my countrywoman."

"I don't think I would make a very good friend," said Miss Gillis, responding to Blanche's ingenuous enthusiasm with the depressing ungraciousness that was constitutional rather than intentional. Then, repenting, she added: "But I know a good many people, and I'll get you acquainted, if you like. You'd like the Port, if you had acquaintances. The people here are everything that is kind, but they are—well, backward about meeting strangers, especially foreigners. You see, they've been deceived so often by Americans who were impostors."

She had too much tact to intimate farther than this, that causes involving more than an ignorance of the language were concerned in Blanche's isolation. It was not, she felt, for her to expound the social creed and doctrines of the land. For herself, had she found herself in such a position, she would have gone resolutely to work to storm the barriers of the circle whose *entrée* she coveted, and doubtless she would have succeeded in securing admission. It might have been accorded with but an indifferent grace. But, after all, delicacy of tact, and perception, and sensibility—or sensitiveness, which is much the same thing—are matters of development and cultivation. Therefore Miss Gillis, in her present immaturity, would have ignored the reluctance of her recognition, while she triumphed in its victory. Her pride would hardly have hindered her from attempting to change the face of affairs; but in isolation, in abandonment or in defeat, she could never have made a moan as Blanche Hershfeldt had done. She was far too proud-spirited to expose any such weakness in her armor.

In her crude way she thought this much that night when she had left Blanche. When Uncle Dale finally finished his convivialities, and came across the *patio* for his niece, the two went out by the Quevedo side of the house, through the wide, obscure *zaguan*, and homeward through the sleeping streets. They reached the Plaza de Armas; the red, stucco

benches were empty, save where, here and there, a dubious figure sprawled disreputably—erratic citizens, apprehensive of domestic disturbance, or overcome by the national beverage. One of these slumberers roused himself with energetic effort, as the two came by; the broad-brimmed hat, the wide *calzones*, the gay *serape*, were in nowise different from the every-day garb of any lower-class man; but an official badge gleamed on the gaudy waistcoat. It was a guardian of the public peace, vigilantly asleep on his beat.

"*Gringos!*" he muttered, half in reassurance, half in deprecation, and threw himself down again.

Then the two footfalls ringing along the broad flags, alone awoke the silence.

"Uncle Dale! turn around and come back. I must go up to the sea to-night."

Uncle Dale uttered a protest: the lateness of the hour; Aunt Dale's solicitude and uneasiness at their protracted stay; the solitude of the promenade at this time; the possibility of uncertain characters in its obscure nooks and turns. His niece bore down with relentless voice every obstacle to her wish. Uncle Dale was mindful of his own shortcomings to-night. His conscience was not quite clear as to neglect of his charge, and now he was fain to atone for dereliction from duty by indulgent compliance.

They went back to the sea-front. Miss Gillis left Uncle Dale on a bench by the high wall where the shadows lurked, and springing over the low embankment, she went down on the sand, almost within reach of the waves that came thundering to shore, their glassy walls gleaming in the moonbeams with phosphorescent light, their foamy crests hissing and curling before they flung themselves bodily upon the beach. This was the closest companionship of life for Miss Gillis; to the sea she brought her joys and her sorrows, her triumphs and her defeats—if that indomitable young will ever acknowledged defeat. And to the sea to-night she had brought the new problem, in which Blanche Hershfeldt was a factor.

In her efforts in Miss Hershfeldt's behalf, Miss Gillis displayed an executive talent and

a knowledge of her kind, far beyond her years ; she made no apologetic explanations, no doubting deprecations. She introduced Blanche with an unconcerned, matter-of-course air that was staggering. If any disdainful damsel dared to look askance at her companion, Miss Gillis delivered a stare of such arrogant amazement, that it only needed a satirical word from her stinging little tongue to bring the offender to terms. The members of the masculine element were but too ready to surrender allegiance without capitulation. They had long considered little Miss Gillis's society a piquant variation from the rather inane prettiness, which, as a rule, characterized their countrywomen. But Miss Gillis was too indifferent by half to their overtures of admiration ; she was too young for ardor they said, too childish to be other than cold. And Miss Gillis's sharp tongue was no respecter of persons. But Miss Hershfeldt, beside the good gifts of her lovely face and supple, rounded figure, had the tact or policy to accommodate herself to the character of these men who came fluttering about her, like butterflies around a rose. Gifted with tact, and even with taste—courteous, urbane, gallant as they were—many were ignorant with a crass ignorance that might have shamed a school-boy. Miss Hershfeldt carefully disguised the contempt she really felt for such, and administered tidbits of flattery with wise discrimination, sinking her own mental superiority as many a better woman could not have done. She set herself to please with the deliberation and intensity of purpose of one whose fate depends upon her powers of pleasing. And she succeeded ; buoyed by Miss Gillis's determination, and her own efforts, she attained a degree of popularity that surprised herself. She had acquired a stock of small accomplishments, that stood her in good stead here, where such abilities as the young women possessed were obscured through an excess of timidity, real or assumed. Blanche played and sang, talked and danced, with a candid heartiness of enjoyment that was charming.

Her attitude toward Miss Gillis appeared admirable; in the flood-tide of her success

she never forgot to whose offices she owed her impetus, and she had no notion of dispensing with such an ally. She always maintained a little display of deference, that was gratifying and flattering, shown by an older girl to a younger. Yet, Miss Gillis was dissatisfied with her *protégée*. Her own honesty was almost morbidly severe. Most of her asperities were due to this conscientious integrity, that disdained to gloss over disapproval, even with ambiguous silence. She detected and condemned the little ways and wiles with which Blanche paid her way in society: those artifices were more conspicuous to her than they could have been to the Spanish women, hampered as they were by differences of language and custom.

Indeed, the kindly Spanish women were inclined to treat Blanche with all the generosity she could desire. Those ease-loving natures were too warm-hearted to cherish the little piques and petty spites that actuate their northern sisters. A Spanish woman's jealousy is something grand ; she might kill her fortunate rival, but she could never persecute her enemy with the thousand cowardly and contemptible inflictions and humiliations, the taunts and constant poisoned stings, that make life worse than any death.

It was indubitable that Miss Hershfeldt was moved by self-interest in developing an extraordinary amount of affection for Aunt Dale. Uncle Dale was a good man enough, not particularly benevolent or clever, but always amiable and obliging, when his pocket was not touched. But Aunt Dale—no one, however dutiful or charitable, if intimately associated with her, could call her anything but a dreadful old woman, miserly, vulgar, and tyrannical. Yet Blanche courted her assiduously, and, indeed, contrived to win over the old creature, who would have patronized her, to the exclusion of the niece ; but this Blanche was far too shrewd to permit. On the contrary, she cleverly put herself into the position of mediator between the two, excusing and explaining to the aunt the high-handed disregard which the older woman resented as want of respect; to Miss Gillis, she more cautiously deplored and

palliated the aunt's tendency to coarseness and ill-bred flings; but all her efforts at conciliation were so regulated as to redound to her own credit and advantage.

With a rigid sense of impartiality, and a reserve of judgment, Miss Gillis suppressed her convictions, and never failed Blanche in an hour of need; this all the more resolutely when she began to discover in herself moods and motives that she deemed unworthy. The poor child's whole spirit went out in adoration of the beautiful; she would have bartered her soul's salvation for a perfect face, and sometimes she found herself maddened with a cruel envy of Blanche Hershfeldt's loveliness. It was about this time that she began to be conscious of Lane Fernald's interest in Blanche. By virtue of his official position, his private income, his physical and mental endowments, Mr. Fernald was, as an eligible *parti*, the most popular man at the Port. His attitude toward women was characterized by a discretion and a delicacy that were unquestionable.

Port people had hardly caviled at, had hardly commented upon, his attentions to Miss Gillis. By one of the consistent laws of compensation, her identity and her youth protected her from a deal of conjectural criticism that would have been sure to assail another. It was only after Mr. Fernald had transferred his interest to Blanche, that it was realized how marked had once been his partiality for Miss Gillis. Curiously enough, Miss Gillis's sensation of displeasure was an impersonal one. Lane Fernald, impressive and irreproachable in his manner toward the native maidens of the Port, yet would not have chosen one of them for his wife. Miss Gillis was aware of this feeling of her favorite, and she resented it heartily. She felt that this sweeping distrust of race, this prejudice of nationality, was unfair and illiberal. She herself was free from "know-nothing" propensities. She knew that these women, held so lightly, had sterling merits that lifted them far above Blanche Hershfeldt, with her showy sweetness, and her superficial accomplishments; she was candid enough to admit their superiority to herself, in many

respects. She esteemed them for the many virtues she knew in them.

Yet she could but confess that it was not, perhaps, unnatural that Mr. Fernald should incline toward his countrywomen as he did; and she schooled herself, with precocious justice, to treat Blanche none the worse, that she was thus preferred.

By every means at the command of a clever woman, Blanche contrived to sustain and stimulate the interest she early detected in Mr. Fernald. Fastidious, and full of convention as he was, some strain of unsuspected Bohemian blood stirred his tranquil pulses to unwonted velocity, at this influence of novelty. Miss Hershfeldt was unlike any other woman he had known; in Miss Gillis he had recognized much of originality and individual force. But Miss Gillis wanted years and training; she wanted the gift of graphic and ready speech; she wanted the ability to turn to account every accident of circumstance; she wanted the faculty to apply artifice; above all, perhaps, she wanted the will to condescend to these things. Miss Hershfeldt had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge; she knew to a fraction the market value of every influence, physical or psychical, mental, moral, or spiritual. She knew the weight of a word, and the speed of a sigh. She could sway impulse, and trade upon sympathy, while ostensibly she disdained appeal to either. She regaled Mr. Fernald casually and at intervals with detached fragments of her history. He could hardly have told how he arrived at the conclusion, but he acquired the impression that Blanche derived her brightness and refinement from her mother, who in early youth had made an ill-advised marriage with Isaac Hershfeldt. The subsequent gradually-decaying fortunes of the family, the mournful decline and death of Blanche's mother, were imparted to him in like manner. He was filled with a tender, chivalrous compassion for this girl, so young, so fair—aye! *that* way pity lay—so fair, whose cup of life had been so bitter.

He was absorbed in admiration of her beauty of demeanor toward old Hershfeldt,

whose coarse and commonplace nature doubtless shone transformed and transfigured through the hallowing medium of filial love.

It was, perhaps, strange that, with this idealized conception of Blanche's character, Mr. Fernald should have hesitated to commit himself to an avowal of his sentiments. But he did so hesitate, actuated either by some consideration of caution, or by a reluctance to crystallize into tangible form the comfort of the situation.

In this state stood matters when Mr. Cyril Danvers made his advent at the Port. Mr. Cyril Danvers, if not a native of San Francisco, had lived in that city long enough to have acquired certain traits peculiar to its atmosphere. The *savoir faire* and the *savoir dire* were his. Added to this, he had an air of languid and unemotional exhaustion, that savored of European, rather than of American extraction. Mr. Danvers' errand to the Port was an interesting one. He had lately written a book, which onerous effort was supposed well-nigh to have exhausted his sluggish vitality. He now sought to restore tone to his system by a sojourn in the incomparable climate of the Port. Moreover, it was understood that, with the characteristic American faculty of combining business and pleasure, the gentleman would avail himself of such "material" as he might be enabled to study. Mr. Danvers' appearance at the Port caused a flutter of excitement, as literary celebrity always does in unintellectual circles. Every girl, though beautiful as a houri, trembled at his approach, fearing to be weighed in the critical balance, and there to be found wanting. On the other hand, every brainless dandy furbished up his scanty lore of literature, and his uncertain stock of Ollandorf English, and prepared to court a desirable intimacy with the genius, in whose reflected luster he might shine.

At the time of the author's arrival, Mr. Fernald and the Dales, with their niece and Miss Hershfeldt, had joined an excursion to the Presidio, whose white-walled, red-tiled buildings slumbered peacefully in the sunshine, forty miles inland. Thus they were deprived of the pleasure that doubtless would

have resulted from an immediate acquaintance with their talented compatriot.

Mr. Danvers proceeded to inform himself of the numerical strength and social status of the American residents at the Port. Presenting his credentials, he secured an *entrée* among several influential families, who introduced him further. He made acquaintance, as in duty bound, with the churches, the beaches, the plazas, and the markets. Somewhat to the disgust of his hosts, he chose to attach to himself a guide and companion, in the person of Manuel Valencia, than whom a more undesirable choice could not have been made. Of low parentage on the distaff side, Manuel was admitted among the better families only on sufferance; and even so much toleration as he received was due to no merit of the young man, but to the unquestioned weight of his father's strongbox. Manuel Valencia was disgustingly vain, shallow, vicious, and unprincipled. Incredulous of womanly worth, he delighted to vilify any woman who could count on no strong avenging arm. Ghoul never gloated upon graveyard ghastliness, more than Valencia reveled over the remains of a reputation.

The Presidio party returned to the Port, barely in season for an entertainment at one of the chief houses—a ball, somewhat above and beyond the mild form of *tertulia* prevalent at that period.

Miss Gillis came to the ball in taciturn mood; she felt at an unusual disadvantage, and for a most pitiful reason. Among the rich raiment of the guests, her shabbiness of apparel made her conspicuous. Blanche, on the contrary, was attired like the lilies of the field; old Hershfeldt took care that she lacked no accessories of the toilet, that might enhance her charms and further her aims. Miss Gillis approached her once, early in the evening.

"Blanche, have you seen the new American?"

"No: who is he? Where did he come from, and when did he come?"

"He came while we were at the Presidio; he is an author, and his name is Danvers.

Did you ever know him in San Francisco?"

Blanche bent to smooth into symmetry the floating folds of her robe.

"No, I never heard of him before. San Francisco is a large city, my dear."

Miss Gillis had an indefinable sensation of being repulsed. She went back to her corner, and sat in silent observation, obtuse to all overtures of sociability.

"But the little *gringa* is *triste* to-night, it must be—so still. The most times she talks like a parrot," some one said to Don Domingo Hidalgo, most conservative of the native potentates.

"Talk! yes—she can out-talk Pancho Pulido, and he is the strongest-throated lawyer of all. In my day, modest young ladies of descent did not talk. But here is the result of receiving these Americans. I, for one, have always opposed them. They—the irreverent—are sweeping away the proprieties, and the lines of caste; they and that other iconoclast, Progress! Progress!" The old gentleman laughed in derision and disdain.

Little Miss Gillis still sat as a mere spectator, when Mr. Danvers and Manuel Valencia appeared. Blanche was then waltzing with Lane Fernald, and, as the two circled slowly and gracefully past him, Mr. Danvers permitted himself to utter a low, ejaculatory whistle.

"Is that young person received here?"

Manuel was instantly on the alert.

"But yes. Why not, then?"

"She is the very girl I was telling you of, as we came in!"

Manuel had his cue, and his avarice of abuse admitted of no delay. Leaving Mr. Danvers without ceremony, he plunged into the center of circulation; wherever he could secure a listener he paused, and at every pause he voiced an insinuation against Blanche Hershfeldt. Well-known as the man was—cognizant as were his hearers of his malignant and malicious nature—yet no one questioned the truth of his disclosure. Lying as it did within the range of natural probability, the only wonder seemed that the

state of affairs had not sooner transpired. Manuel took care not to overemphasize his intimation. His intimation was of the character of subtle suggestion, rather than definite, downright denunciation. Blanche's security had been but a superficial one, and many points were against her: the position of old Hershfeldt; her foreign derivation; the fact that the expression against her emanated from an American, who would be apt to underestimate, rather than to exaggerate, charges against a countrywoman.

Wherever Valencia's insidious whispers sounded, the maidens fell back, as from the presence of contagion. Native here, where the record of each individual life was common property, anything concealed, anything clandestine, anything furtive, seemed to them more culpable than open, avowed wickedness. One by one they moved away from the accepted culprit, until she stood literally alone.

Only one advocate rose for the defense. One woman was there, whose pitiful heart harmonized with an enlightened and liberal mind. Among others, Manuel had carried his craven tidings to Alejandra Castro de Felis—the queenliest, noblest woman at the Port. She had every prestige that a woman may wield of wealth and influence. The Castros were of the old Spanish régime. She was the wife of Porfirio Felis, most opulent of the native merchants. She was an heiress in her own right. She was blest with the boon of beauty, polished by the attrition of cosmopolitan association, by travel, and by maturity. She might have sat for Mrs. Browning's "Court Lady."

"Never was lady of Italy nobler in name and in race,
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face."

She knew how heavily the tide of tradition set against her purpose, but she made one endeavor, hoping against hope, persisting against possibility. She came to Cyril Danvers, stately, gracious, her fair face shadowed with skepticism, apprehension, doubt.

"Mr. Danvers," she said, in her pretty, precise English, with the soft Southern accent, "what is this Manuel has told me about Blanche? He has given you as his

authority. To be sure, we know the father: but the mother—surely she must be gentle, a lady, who made a youthful misalliance."

Danvers laughed.

"Madame, the mother is a Washington-street—doctress, so-called. Old Hershfeldt is a prince, an emperor, as compared to her."

"And Blanche has lived with her mother?"

"Blanche has lived with her always—until she came here, except when she was out at service. At one time she was a ballet-girl at a third-class theater. Mother Hershfeldt's house has always been the rendezvous of clairvoyants, of astrologers, of questionable people of every sort. The girl's whole life has been spent in an atmosphere of tricksters and sharpers."

Regretful conviction settled down on Alejandra's face.

"*Ah! lastima! que lastima!*" she murmured.

Everyone knew Alejandra's generous spirit. Every one knew she would have denounced Manuel, if she could have refuted his rumors. Her failure to do so confirmed the calumny—rather accepted it as truth. When this serene lady submitted, the case, so far as regarded womanly intervention, seemed hopeless.

Alejandra went over to Mr. Fernald. After some little conversation with her, the young man left the room, without a look toward Miss Hershfeldt. His countenance was set in a strenuous effort for composure, but nevertheless it expressed an extreme degree of mortification and disgust. This desertion sealed Blanche's fate. Mr. Fernald's support might have sustained her. His attentions, and their ultimate motive, had been widely remarked. His disaffection at this crisis was recognised as a tacit withdrawal of all pretensions.

Up to this point, Miss Gillis had been neutral and inactive. Her intuitions—or her instincts, or whatever may be the prescient faculty—had made her conscious and confident of an impending fateful issue; and, from the first premonitory whispers of Valencia's vituperation, she had concentrated her faculties upon the facts. Gifted with a large

share of deliberation, she remained inactive, less for caution, than for contemplation and reflection. With her characteristic philosophy, she was occupied chiefly with motives. Manuel Valencia's natural malice was sufficient explanation of his procedure, even had not Blanche, like Miss Gillis herself, often repulsed the man. But Cyril Danvers—by Blanche's own protest a stranger to her—why should he have manifested such wanton cruelty, such gratuitous persecution? Evidently the injury was intentional. Manuel had been suffered as a toady, that he might be used as a tool.

Mr. Fernald's deliberate and deadly desertion of Miss Hershfeldt aroused Miss Gillis from her musings, and put a new phase on affairs. She had only arisen, when Manuel Valencia went up to Blanche, with an evil smile on his weak, handsome face. What he said, no one heard, but Blanche flushed scarlet, and with a low, dry sob of shame, went miserably out of the room. This last insolence of Valencia's put him beyond the pale of further sufferance. More than one of the Spanish gentlemen approached him threateningly. The rest of his behavior had worn at least the semblance of decency: an undisguised insult to a woman—any woman—in their presence, must receive the rebuke it merited.

In the confusion of this unwonted scene, Miss Gillis, exulting in the certainty of Valencia's chastisement, hastened to the corridor where Blanche had disappeared, and whither Aunt Dale followed, as hastily as physical conditions permitted. The pursuer overtook her niece, looking about in uncertainty.

"Come back! Where are you going?"

"I am going to find Blanche."

"To find Blanche, indeed! To mix yourself more in her disgrace? I suppose you have forgotten, Miss, that you introduced her here. Do you think these people will forget, or forgive you that? I shouldn't wonder if they refuse to receive you, or give you invitations. Go to Blanche! You shall do nothing of the sort, I say. Come back!"

For all answer, Miss Gillis went forward. In the garden beyond, she had caught a

glimpse of a white, fluttering dress. Aunt Dale rushed to her, and laid a heavy hand upon her shoulder. The girl's strength was as nothing in the power of that strong, masculine old woman. She felt herself dragged back, step by step. After all, little Miss Gillis was hardly more than a child, a passionate and petulant child, in spite of her force of thought and feeling. With an impulse born partly of reaction from her long self-repression, partly of her resolute will and determination, she turned her face to where Aunt Dale's clutch rested, and bit, quick and hard, the muscular hand. The old woman loosened her grasp with a cry of rage and pain, and Miss Gillis, released, sped away.

In the shadow of the guava-tree she found Blanche; found her, but not alone. Cyril Danvers stood there, speaking.

"I have loved you all these years," he was saying, "as child and woman. When you nursed the little Bensons, when you danced in 'Cinderella,' even when you helped your mother in those mummeries that your sense and soul revolted against. In all these months since you disappeared from my sight, I have searched for you, constantly—I have found you at last."

"You say you love me," said Blanche, slowly—"you have a strange way of showing your love. Here, for the first time in my life, I had escaped from the atmosphere of knavery and imposition that made my existence miserable, a daily humiliation and mortification of the spirit. As you say, I knew the degradation of my surroundings, but I was forced to act my part. What little education I acquired only showed me more distinctly my position. Some people are false by nature, and some by training—I think I am false by training. I would never have lied here, but for the need to conceal that past life. Oh! I looked forward to another life—a true and honest one—but you have made that impossible. Do you realize that you are responsible for whatever of ruin may come upon me? Why, I might even have been happy! My poor old father—he is common and sordid, but he is honest—and he loves me.

While Blanche spoke, Miss Gillis came close to her side. This young girl was ever intolerant of caresses, but when the dry, hard voice broke and ceased, she wound her arms about Blanche's waist. Mr. Danvers took no notice of his new auditor.

"Don't you suppose I know all that? I have counted upon just this situation. I came here on purpose to dislodge you, that you must turn to me. You would never go back to your mother and her confederates. Your father is old and infirm: your life would be well-nigh a blank, alone with him. These people will never admit you again. I doubt if they continue to patronize your father. You are ostracised effectually; a mere adventuress fares worse than a criminal. I am your only hope."

"A year ago," cried Blanche, "I thought no one could be wronged more bitterly than you wronged me. I was mistaken. This is doubly hard—this is less than human, it is brutal. But what I told you then, I repeat now, helpless as I am!"

"You mistake me, Blanche—you do, indeed. Forget what I said to you then—it was the fault of my mad unreasoning passion, and my sense of your inferiority—forget it, Blanche, as I forget that union with you is fatal to my prospects. You must trust to me; you have no one else. The *Saco* lies in the offing; her captain was my college chum. He has a brother with him on this cruise, an Episcopalian clergyman. Come with me to him, and he shall marry us to-morrow—to-night. Blanche! I have made myself less than man for your sake—you must know how strong my love is!"

Blanche stood, apparently irresolute. Life seemed very blank to the girl. She thought there must be might in a passion that would degrade its dignity to attain its object—that there must be power in an affection ready to share the contumely itself had created. "I sinned, O woman! for love of thee," has been a potent plea with womankind, since ever the world was. Strange that to man the same depreciating reason has a ring of repulsion!

Miss Gillis looked up at her companion's

softening face, with amazed scorn; then she went close to Cyril Danvers, every line in her bitter little face set in contempt.

"You dastard!"—she added an epithet in Spanish, perhaps the most stinging sound of that incisive tongue. "Before Blanche should marry you, I would kill her—I would kill *you*! Come away with me, Blanche—come away! We will defeat him, yet!"

She caught Blanche's arm, and dragged her forward. Cyril Danvers literally did not dare to follow.

Miss Gillis led her companion out by a side-door. She was furiously indignant; but, having routed the foe, she was too wise to press matters further. Her sense of justice rebelled against the precipitate and summary condemnation that had fallen upon Blanche.

"How do they know but that man lies?" she thought, bitterly. "And this is human justice! It is always so—for a woman. Men don't hang a dog without a chance for his life; no criminal, caught in the act, is condemned unheard! But a woman—let any foul-mouthed man breathe suspicion, even, against her, and her life is blasted. Ah, well! a woman can wreak no vengeance—it is *safe* to assail us."

She saw Blanche safely housed, in a state of passive quiescence and readiness to accept any solution of the dilemma, provided the elimination of difficulties devolved not upon herself. Miss Gillis was amazed at this absolute absence of energy. Whatever the faults with which she had silently taxed Blanche, want of force had not been one; yet here the girl lay, lassid, almost lethargic—willing that something should be done for her, but not inclined to do, or even to think, for herself.

Late as was the hour, Miss Gillis called up the reluctant Pantaleon, and, followed by the yawning little page, went fearlessly away to her customary comforter and counselor. The outcome of her sea-side musing was that Mr. Fernald, reading gloomily in his shadowy room at the Consulate, looked up in surprise to find little Miss Gillis at his side. It was like her to dare—rather to disregard

—censure, by coming to him there, and at such an hour. Mr. Fernald was obdurate. He had been wounded in the most vulnerable part of a man's character. His vanity, no less than his sentiment, had suffered. Truth to tell, to him the case presented an excess of aggravation even beyond its aspect to an ordinary observer. Beyond a doubt, Blanche had drawn extensively upon a fertile imagination, and Mr. Fernald had believed implicitly the ingenious and pathetic little romance with which she had regaled him. His wrath, resentment, and disgust were excited, in proportion to the degree to which his sympathies had been enlisted. To remove this wrath, to deplore this disgust, to reprove this resentment, was the mission of Miss Gillis.

The office was no enviable one. A certain amount of diffidence and delicacy had to be overcome, primarily. Again, her arguments were largely against her own conviction. It was difficult to reconcile duty and disposition. But her disinclination for the undertaking made her only the more earnest in its discharge.

"If you ever—ever—well—cared for Blanche, now, when she is in distress, is the time to show it. I don't envy men their right of speech in these matters," said little Miss Gillis—"I don't begrudge them their prerogative of wooing and winning. But I do covet their power of protection. I think a man's proudest privilege is that of ennobling a woman, as he does, when he lifts her to his own station, and puts his own broad shoulders between her and the world. Now, you see, a woman can't do anything of that sort for her love's sake. If a woman love a man beneath her, she can't exalt him at all—she must descend to his level. Oh! I should think every instinct of tenderness and manhood would cry to you to shield Blanche here. It is your right, and your duty."

Then Mr. Fernald did a cruel thing. Looking into the pleading face of his visitor—pathetic and tense with a pain of its own, it might be—he laid before her a great temptation. Blanche had terribly disappointed him, he said. She could never again be the

same to him; he had learned to see her as she was. He confessed that the old love yet lingered, to his shame and regret; but it must die inevitably, since love cannot exist without the faith and trust that were already slain. While his confidence in Blanche had perished, he had found in another character the revelation of his ideal woman—all that Blanche was not. In short, with comfortable adaptability, he expressed his readiness to transfer to Miss Gillis the devotion he had once lavished upon Miss Hershfeldt. He advised her to put herself in a position to acquire the culture and training her ability deserved, and, after a time, when he should have forgotten how miserably he had been beguiled, and beguiled, and befooled, she should compensate him for the past, while all that remained of his homage should be hers.

Poor little Miss Gillis staggered and shrank as from a blow. What misapprehension and suspicion of her motives must have underlain his thought, that he could so requite her! He had not even allowed her to believe him ignorant of her affection for him; she had not the comfort of thinking her own weakness undiscovered. For a moment the poignant pain of her sacrifice was lessened by a lighter estimate of Lane Fernald. She saw in him something of selfishness, something of fickleness; worse than either, perhaps—at least more fatal to fondness—something of priggishness. But it is poor gratification to mitigate a sense of loss by cheapening the missing treasure. Miss Gillis put away such unworthy consolation. Making no retort, she replied with meek literalness. She did not ignore Mr. Fernald's declaration, she did not repudiate her own attachment. But she did show the man, calmly, deliberately, decisively, that she held herself deserving of far better things than this Barmecide show of happiness. A sense of shame, almost one of awe, crept over Mr. Fernald as he heard her moderate and mature response.

Seizing her advantage, Miss Gillis went on to press the point of Blanche's rights. Every argument she could bring to bear was made of service. She showed how they had all

been victimized, to some extent, by Cyril Danvers' duplicity and treachery. Mr. Fernald almost came to concur in Miss Gillis's bluntly stated opinion that his own course of late had been somewhat cowardly and wanting in manliness; it did seem, indeed, that, but for an excess of prudence, not altogether commendable, he would have stood ere this in the position of Blanche's lawful protector. Under the power of that strong personality, and the stress of her apt arguments, Mr. Fernald ceased to plead, even to feel repugnance to the course she counseled.

However, a difficulty still presented itself—that of impracticability. Here, again, Miss Gillis came to the rescue. She had pondered that point, and was prepared to remove the obstacle. Her plan appeared so feasible, that when Mr. Fernald finally walked homeward with her and Pantaleon, to make sure no harm befell them in the deserted streets, he left her with an absolute agreement, and a definite appointment, to fulfill the morrow's programme.

In the early morning Mr. Cyril Danvers strolled down to the long wharf, built by the French during their occupation, and falling into disuse since their departure. The bay was glassy; along the crescent *playa*, a slight swell broke in miniature waves. A boat, beached high on the sand, had fast to its anchor-rope a great dun *mero* for the morning market, and the fish rolled heavily in the lazy surf. Back from the *muelle*, the *aduana* buildings lay, their great arched corridors silent, their wide doors closed. The hour was too early for the ease-loving officers of the customs to stir afield. Above, the hill of the fort loomed like a lesser Gibraltar, sharp against the turquoise morning sky; the dismantled fort at its summit standing out in bold relief. Against the hither side of the hill, dark with shadow, were nestled numerous thatched hives of the *peon* class, picturesque as even squalor can be from afar.

Mr. Danvers went quite down the rotting wharf, now and then pausing to gaze into the green water through openings where the

planks were falling away; at the end he rested on an ungeared pulley-tackle, and sat gazing about with disconsolate and uncertain air. A group of tawny urchins played near, sent abroad by the exigent demands of digestion out of employment: one speculative youngster, hopeful of *gringo* coppers, approached the silent man, holding out a cup full of tiny shells, in shape and hue like the pearlies of pink rose-leaves.

"*¿No quiere comprar por un real?*"

He bent thumb and finger to the dimensions of the copper coin, and indicated the number with four dirty digits.

"*¿Tres cuartillas?—medio? No? Vaya! por cuartilla! una!*"

He held down all but one finger. The little fellow's persistency, or perhaps his hungry eyes, touched Danvers. He was a man sensitive to the sight of physical suffering. He poured out a few of the shells, and gave the boy a handful of coppers.

The little brown lad capered with ecstasy. His sharp sight caught a glimpse of something that might interest his patron.

"*Mira, señor!*" he cried, with gratitude and importance in his tone.

Mechanically Mr. Danvers' glance followed the pointing finger. Far out on the water, from where the man-of-war *Sao* lay at anchor in the roadstead, came a little boat. The boy continued to ply his taciturn benefactor with eager, vivacious fire of question, conjecture, wonder. His chatter might have been directed to the dead, for any answer it won from that stern, silent man. Mechanically still, he watched the dark mote on the water, that came rapidly toward the wharf, impelled by strong arms. Ere long, he could distinguish, beside the boatmen, four occupants—two women, two men. He recognized the party at long range, but he never stirred when the boat came close to the stairs that led down to the water. Up that narrow stairway came Blanche, Miss Gillis, Lane Fernald, and Mr. Danvers' friend, the clergyman, brother to the captain of the *Sao*. When they stepped upon the wharf little Miss Gillis pushed past her companions, and bent with mocking elfin courtesy, when they came abreast of the watcher.

"Congratulate us, Mr. Danvers! Your idea was excellent. I have the pleasure of presenting you to Mrs. Fernald!"

Y. H. ADDIS.

AT THE TOMB OF CARLYLE.

Hail and farewell! for thee, pathetic ghost,
The doors of the great darkness are unbarred—
The darkness that the gods of silence guard:
Oh! tell us, Pilgrim, what we yearn for most,
How fares it with the pale, vanished host?
Wear they for garment yet the shadow unstarred—
The shadow of night with all its music marred?
Say, are they darkling down the Stygian coast?
Nay, bind with double-dark the perilous theme,
Lest we could not the fateful tidings bear:
Some longer yet we need the world-old dream
To shine along the sea-reefs of despair—
The starry dream that, all dark travels done,
Sweet Love will crown all sad hearts with the sun.

CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

CORPORATIONS IN POLITICS.

Perhaps there is no topic more constantly pressed upon our attention than the influence exerted by corporations upon current legislation, both State and National. We see it openly charged, that the United States Senate has passed under the control of a majority whose interests or prejudices favor a view of the relations of the land-grant roads to the Government which is in opposition to what is conceived to be the natural and legitimate expression of those relations as embodied in the Thurman Bill. The approval of the nomination of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States has recently been opposed on account of the views of the candidate on this question, and his opinions on the subject have furnished many an earnest leader for the columns of our newspapers. Since his confirmation, which was only secured by the majority of a single vote, mass-meetings have been held for the purpose of denouncing it. The pages of the *Congressional Record* bear further witness to the attention which the subject attracts to itself at Washington. The recent election of a Senator in New Jersey was openly charged to the account of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Everywhere our statute-books are loaded down with laws creating bank, insurance, and railroad commissioners, and with attempts to regulate the use of power when lodged in corporate hands. Charges of corruption and bribery, in the attempts to pass or defeat laws affecting the revenue of large corporations, have been openly made in many States. Conspicuous among these, the State of New York furnishes many instances where charges have been made, so specific in character, that committees of investigation have repeatedly been appointed to attempt the difficult task of their proof.

Such have been, such are, the alleged relations of a portion of our corporations to our politics. In discussing the probabilities of

the future, the attempt will be made to analyze the corporation, with a view of determining whether there is anything in the act or the form of its creation which causes this state of affairs—whether it is confined to any class of corporations—and, if so, to what class? And finally, if we find that only certain classes of corporations are thus closely intermixed in politics, to ascertain the cause.

Questions of politics resolve themselves into questions of self-interest. Political arguments are addressed either to the prejudices or the pockets of the auditors. If "corporations" have entered the arena of politics in the past, or are destined to influence in any manner the political issues of the future, it is to be traced either to attempts to promote their own pecuniary interests at the expense of the public, or to a belief on the part of the people that the public prosperity is affected by the rights, privileges, and immunities granted in their franchises. The intrusion of their affairs in politics may be voluntary, or it may be in consequence of some inherent tendencies, conflicting with the interests of natural persons, to correct which legislation is necessary.

If the intrusion be voluntary, it will be through some attempt on the part of the corporation to further its prosperity by the advocacy of schemes in which the public is interested, or by resisting what is deemed to be unjust legislation affecting corporate rights. If there be any impelling cause, either in the fiction of the artificial person, the character of the field of business to which corporations gravitate, or any other reason of a broad and general nature, which tends to show that corporations are more likely to intrude in politics than natural persons, we may examine instances of their voluntary intrusion, for the purpose of deducing the probability of recurrence and the law of its cause.

We must not, however, overlook the fact that in resisting unjust legislation, or in advancing their interests by legitimate or by improper and unlawful methods, their methods will not differ from those used by individuals. They are subject to the same influences, and are to be judged by the same criterions of right and wrong. Their relations to any question of morals or propriety are substantially the same as is the relation of each individual interested in the corporation to the same subject. That portion of the question which we are now considering may be formulated thus: Is there anything in the interposition by individuals of the corporate fiction between themselves and the public which increases their power in such a way as to call for change? Certain corporations or classes of corporations may have exercised the powers conferred in their franchise in such a way as to provoke public indignation. Such instances are to be examined for the purpose of determining the probability of their repetition; of ascertaining whether the fiction of the ideal person may not be used as a shelter to protect an actual wrong-doer, and of pointing out the warning, that an outraged public may not discriminate between the innocent and the guilty, but, with the bit once in its mouth, may through the medium of politics demand that restrictive laws shall be passed which will impair the usefulness to the business world of future corporations. The motives of the corporation are not properly a subject for our consideration, even in aggravated cases. We may condemn or approve, according to our separate standards of morals; but their acts do not differ in themselves from those which might have been committed by individuals under similar circumstances. It is neither the act nor the motive that is the subject of inquisition, unless they were caused by the fact of the corporate existence, or were affected to some extent thereby.

The dispassionate discussion of this branch of the subject is almost impossible. We encounter questions of interest and prejudice at every turn. Illustrations drawn from what were supposed to be collections of well-

ascertained facts are met with denials and explanations. Discussions are apt to become acrimonious, and the interest that the majority of men take in them is apt to be so intense, that we conclude that the relations of some corporations to politics are actual, rather than impending—that the intimacy is sought for, rather than avoided.

Behind the question of our individual experiences with railroads, gas and water companies, or with other companies whose transactions are interwoven with our daily life—beyond the question of individual hostilities which may be provoked by the attempts of such companies to vindicate a supposed wrong, or assert an alleged right—and outside the atmosphere of local politics in which the jealousies and antagonisms engendered by contests between citizens and powerful corporations thrive—lies a still broader question: Whether there is anything in the mere act itself of interposing an artificial existence between the community and the persons of whom the corporation is composed, which threatens to become a question of politics? Whether the politics of the future threaten to include in their discussions not only the affairs of those corporations which by voluntarily interposing in party caucuses, and by openly seeking to influence legislation, court public discussion, but also questions which will affect the interests of those as well whose corporate life is spent in the administration of their affairs strictly in accordance with the intent of their charter? Is the conflict which has shown its head from time to time in our State legislatures, and in Congress, irrepressible? Have we unwittingly created a master, whose behests we must obey, and from whose mandates we cannot escape? Are we in the position of the poor fisherman in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, when he uncorked the bottle and liberated the giant Afrite, whose oath had been registered that he would slay the person who liberated him?

To answer these questions, it is essential to note the differences between corporations and natural persons, and to determine, if

possible, whether there is anything in the act of forming a corporation which of itself tends to raise a political question which would not have been raised in the same way, or to the same extent, had not this legal form been invoked for the purpose of transacting business. So long as we discuss this general question, we are relieved from the passions and prejudices which might be aroused by reviewing the career of any particular corporation. We can accept the teachings of history, as to what have been considered the dangers from corporations in the past. We are relieved, except for the purposes of illustration, from the consideration of special statutory limitations imposed in the several States; and we relegate the question to the broad field of social science where persons of divergent interests may differ in their premises, and yet agree upon logical results.

We exclude, of course, from our discussion, all corporate bodies of a public or municipal character, have but little to do with those of an ecclesiastical or charitable nature, and limit ourselves almost exclusively to private corporations. Those bodies are created by special or general laws. They are composed of one or more persons. They may be perpetual, or their tenure of life may be limited, according to the terms of the law under which they are created. Their powers are, in general terms, to perform the acts for which they were created in the same way as a natural person. The responsibility of the persons composing the corporations for their debts is governed by the law under which they were created. The right to hold real estate may be granted or restricted by law, but in common practice they have the right to hold such lands as are necessary to enable them to accomplish the purposes of the incorporation. A violation of a law restricting a corporation in its purchase of real estate does not affect the validity of the title to the real estate until the State intervenes, and proceeds to a forfeiture. A corporation may commit a wrong for which it may be liable in damages, but, as a general proposition, cannot commit a crime.

In general it may be stated that a corporation is a fictitious person, created by law for the performance of particular acts, and that it is endowed with all the powers essential for the performance of such acts. If it neither abuses its powers, nor neglects to perform the acts for which it was created, its right to continue to act, subject to the reservations in its charter and the laws under which it was created, has not, since the Dartmouth College case, been questioned. It may be dissolved by consent, by limitation, or by proceedings instituted by the State; such proceedings being governed by the laws affecting the impairment of obligations of contracts.

The origin of corporations in history is not well-settled, but we find them in feudal times in the form of grants by sovereigns, to individuals or bodies of men, as privileges, immunities, and special advantages. Trade was then confined within narrow limits. Manufactures were in their infancy, and commerce had not yet spread itself over the seas. It took the business world a long time to discover that there was a value in the mere form of the grant, independent of any special privileges it might contain. With increased experience, the benefits to be derived from corporations in place of partnerships in extensive enterprises led to the granting of charters by the law-making powers, as a matter of justice, where it could be demonstrated that some great good would be worked by permitting the incorporation. To turnpikes, canals, and railroads were transferred in a limited way the right to exercise one of the highest functions of government, namely, the right of eminent domain. Legal decisions of the same class as the Dartmouth College case demonstrated the fact that the State had parted with rights which many had supposed were still retained; and this knowledge was applied in the enactment of laws, and the amendment of State Constitutions, providing against the application of such theories in the future. The belief that special charters were in some instances substantial monopolies, led to the passage of general laws permitting all there-

after to take advantage of the legal fiction of the corporate existence in any of the branches of trade, carriage, manufacture, or service, to which the law could be applied. In short, the increased and ever-increasing knowledge of the advantages of this method of doing business over ordinary partnerships, has led to its being thrown open in nearly all the States to all pursuits, in the most liberal way. At the same time laws have been enacted, guarding against such dangers as have been disclosed by experience. And we now see upon many of our statute-books limitations placed upon the tenure of existence, restrictions upon the power to hold and retain real estate, guards against the assertion of the theory of a contract with the State, and attempts to assert the liability of the stock-holders for a limited or general responsibility for the debts of the corporation.

The result of all this legislation has been, that the field of transportation, banking, insurance, and telegraphy has been pre-empted by corporations; the domain of manufactures has been partially invaded; and to some extent, also, the territory of ordinary business has been encroached upon. Thus we find ourselves confronted with the fact that the wealth of the land has been attracted by the facilities which this method of doing business has furnished to the public.

The secret which has proved so attractive to capital, whether in small or large quantities, has been the increase of power arising from the aggregation of wealth. Schemes otherwise impossible from their magnitude have been transferred from the region of romance to reality through this instrumentality. Scattered risks, without the necessity of personal supervision, and without the danger of an overwhelming personal liability, have been brought to the door of the investor, and by this means improvements which would otherwise have lain dormant for years have sprung up throughout the land, in old and settled as well as in new communities. We could not to-day build railways, canals, or telegraphs, outside the confines of our own property, were it not for the powers conferred by the corporation laws; and it is difficult to con-

ceive how such powers could be defined or limited, except through the instrumentality of the fictitious person of the corporation. Thousands of persons dependent upon their daily labor for their support are enabled to earn interest upon their petty accumulations through their savings-bank deposits; thus adding an illustration of the power of aggregated capital, the inspiring source of the vitality of corporations, now that grants of monopolies are looked upon with disfavor.

It has always been a perplexing proposition to political economists how to avoid the manifest evils resulting from the disproportionate accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few. That evils of magnitude do flow from the uneven distribution of wealth, which increase as we stray from a condition of uniform competence, will not be denied. The society which boasts a coterie of millionaires must count among its numbers some also who find it difficult to provide for their daily wants. Adam Smith says: "For one very rich man there must be at least five hundred poor." Out of this state of affairs inevitably arise social disturbances, unequal chances and opportunities for men, and such infractions of our obligations to our fellow-men as society uniformly condemns and punishes under the name of crime. One especial concomitant of too great an aggregation of wealth in the hands of individuals or classes has been venal legislation and a corrupt administration of the laws, it being inevitable that designing rascals should be among the minority who succeed in getting more than their share of worldly goods, and that they should debauch the public service by means of the power thus placed in their hands. The repetition in Rome of the pomp, the luxury, and the corruptions of the eastern courts, which was produced by the transfer of the captured wealth of those countries to that city, is a familiar illustration of this. The Revolution of 1789, in France, was the remonstrance of a people deprived of opportunity by the undue accumulation of a nation's wealth in the hands of the few.

Are the tendencies the same in the case of corporations? We have seen that they owe

their very existence to a cause against which, at almost any time in modern history, restraining legislation could have been secured. Witness instances of actual legislation of this kind, such as the abolition of primogeniture in some countries, the facilities furnished for the breaking up of entails, the removal of restraints upon the conveyance of real estate, the laws in opposition to tying it up, and those against the creation of personal-property trusts in perpetuity. Mr. J. S. Mill says: "Whatever facilitates the sale of land, tends to make it a more productive instrument for the community at large. Whatever prevents or restricts its sale, subtracts from its usefulness. Now not only has entail this effect, but primogeniture also. The desire to keep land together in large masses, from other motives than that of promoting its productiveness, often prevents changes and alienations which would increase its efficiency as an instrument."

Quite early in the history of English legislation, the relation of the ecclesiastical corporations to interests in real estate, and the impending dangers from the accumulation of titles in the names of bodies corporate, whose existence, having no legal or natural limit, would interfere with their subsequent alienation, led to the enactment of the original statutes of mortmain. This, in turn, was followed by other statutes of similar import, aimed at the overthrow of the various ingenious devices of counsel learned in the law, to evade each statute as it was passed, until finally the concentration of these statutes upon the different methods of evasion rendered it impossible for such corporations to take real estate.

These statutes have not been specifically re-enacted in most of our States, but their general intent has been recognized in the law in some way or other.

The purpose of preventing trusts and entails is to secure the occasional distribution of large estates in the natural order of events. In the case of ordinary corporations, the only restraint that has been attempted has been to limit the quantity of real estate that they can acquire. The theoretical difference be-

tween the relation of the individual owner and the corporation seems to be this: The control of the property of the individual is in himself. He can buy, sell, or give it away. The power for good or evil, acquired with the possession of the property, is his, and is to be exercised by himself alone. In the case of the corporation, however, its wealth may be scattered among a large number of owners; and if this be the case, there is already such a distribution of the property among the many as satisfies the demands of society, and anticipates the want which the laws for the purpose of forcing the occasional distribution of estates among heirs and devisees were enacted to meet. Everywhere the shares of the corporation are treated as personal property, and as such, come under the provisions of the statutes of distribution and the regulation of trusts.

Since the days of the abolition of feudal tenures, there has been no special reason why society should demand the occasional performance of a mere alienation. There is no service and no recognition of a superior involved in the act. The obvious intent of the statutes restricting the powers of individuals to tie up estates, was to secure to society the beneficial results of their occasional distribution. The laws of heredity teach us, that, however faithfully the powers of acquisition and retention may be repeated or developed in the natural endowments of individuals from generation to generation, there will be occasional recurrences to some spendthrift stock which will be likely to come to the rescue of society, and, through extravagance and wasteful habits, dissipate the transmitted accumulations. Upon that faith we build our social structure, and as yet have had no reason to doubt that it is well-founded. If corporations, through the division of their stock, effect this distribution, the fact that their lives are not governed by natural laws, and hence that property in their name can never be affected by the statutes restraining the tying up of property, is of no consequence. It matters not that the title can be indefinitely retained in the name of a corporation whose tenure of existence has not

been defined by law. It matters not that a corporation whose life is limited by law can by reorganization easily evade this provision. The substantial purpose aimed at by the law has been accomplished. There is a divided ownership, and the distribution of the property is constantly and effectually maintained. Instances of corporate bodies in which this state of affairs either wholly or partially exists are to be found in savings-banks. Especially is it true of the majority of them, which, throughout the country, are generally conducted on the mutual plan. The interposition of the stock company as a parasite upon this beneficial system seldom materially affects their relations to the public; for the theory is, that the stock stands as a guarantee fund for the deposits, and the amount of money invested in that form is proportionately so small as to have but little weight. The vast sum in the hands of the savings-banks, as shown in the report of the Comptroller of Currency, December, 1880—\$819,106,973—was owned by 2,335,582 depositors, the average amount due each being \$350.71.

The life insurance companies which were permitted to do business in Massachusetts, according to the report of the Commissioner, January 1st, 1879, had at that time in their possession assets amounting to nearly \$400,000,000. In the natural course of events this money is to be distributed to the policy-holders; but there is a marked difference between the qualities of these companies and savings-banks. The latter are distributed all over the country, and thrive wherever a population sufficient to maintain them is to be found. For the successful management of their affairs a large line of deposits is by no means necessary—at times indeed, is a decided disadvantage. There is no tendency whatever on their part to concentrate in commercial centers. Their investments must as a rule be made in the locality where they do business. Such is not the case with the life insurance companies. The location of one in a small town would be certain death to the enterprise. They thrive best in large cities; and the larger the

receipts, the greater the business, the wider the area over which the risks are spread, the more uniform the results, and the better in accordance with the calculated mortuary statistics. Local epidemics and pestilences do not disturb them. They are sure each year to meet with a certain amount of losses traceable to such causes, and being forewarned are fore-armed. Hence, notwithstanding the mutual character of most of these companies, we find them to be especial exponents of the tendency to the concentration of capital. Already this feature of their business has attracted much attention, and attempts have been made to retain within the borders of the States where the insured live the investment of a portion of the premiums paid. The manifest benefit on the one hand of affording an opportunity to those who wish to profit by life and fire insurance to have a choice of the best companies, and the great drain upon the State caused by the enormous amounts remitted in payment of risks, raises a perplexing question, not as yet finally settled, and which may at any time crop out in the politics of the future.

It will be seen, then, that even in the case of mutual companies there may be a tendency to so interfere with the natural distribution of wealth as to cause legislative interference, and that the apparent exception thus far introduced is the savings-bank. When we turn our attention to the stock companies, we find that the enormous amount of capital invested in this form is startling, and to one unaccustomed to dealing with statistics incomprehensible.

The total capital of the fire insurance companies permitted to do business in New York in 1880 was \$62,205,535.

The total assets of the same companies amounted to \$123,344,359.

The capital of 2,056 National banks doing business in December, 1880, was \$456,000,000.

The capital of 3,798 State and private banks at the same time was \$190,000,000; the proportion of the corporate to the private banks not being given.

There were on the Boston stock market,

in 1878, stocks of manufacturing corporations representing a capital of \$52,920,000.

The united telegraph companies of the United States operated, in 1880, 107,136 miles of line.

The railroads of the United States at the same time operated 84,233 miles of road, the cost of which is stated at \$4,416,510,847.

There are gas companies in every city in the Union, and water companies in those places where the city has not itself introduced a supply; and in this part of the world the nominal capital invested in mining enterprises is enormous, and the capital actually invested very great. In Pennsylvania, oil companies usurp a similar position. To this list must also be added the steamship companies, and the thousands of private enterprises carried on through the medium of incorporations.

The character and scope of the business of these various companies determine their tendencies toward concentration of capital, and the probability of their having collisions with interests of a public nature. In the case of insurance companies, the lessons of the Chicago and Boston fires have been accepted, and all companies hunt for scattered risks. This causes competition in the business, which—together with the fact that insurance is not a necessity, but merely a precaution—to a great extent reduces the danger from these companies in both directions. The banks are scattered over the country, and their capital is necessarily proportioned to the business which they can control. There is but little temptation to further concentration. The \$456,000,000 of the National banks represents, however, a single idea; and, although the nature of their relations to the public and to the Government has compelled an acquiescent spirit during the various funding experiments at Washington, the recent sudden withdrawal of a large amount of currency by a number of them, and the panic precipitated upon Wall Street in consequence of the movement, shows their power, and their willingness to use it to prevent themselves from suffering supposed injury.

The contest with water companies is necessarily of a local and temporary character. Relief can at any time be found by the construction of separate works; and, except so far as the animosity of the public is excited toward other corporations by a contest with a water company, the history of the wrongs that it either commits or endures can only have but a passing interest outside the city of its location.

Gas companies would come under the same rule, were it not that the tendency of a powerful company in a city to absorb or destroy all opposition is so well-established as a matter of history, that these companies cannot be omitted from the list of those whose course tends to bring corporations into the politics of the future. There is this, however, to be noted in regard to their relations to a public want. What they furnish is a convenience, not a necessity; and a full and complete relief from any supposed exaction on their part is to be found in using some other form of light, without the need of resorting to legislation or public discussion. If they stood alone, it might be argued that this relief is so complete that there would be no danger of their being found in politics.

With mining companies—with the wrongs committed upon their stockholders, with the dangers to the morals of a community in which fortunes are made and lost so rapidly by the fluctuations in their stocks, with their success or their failure—we have but little to do in this connection. Their lives are apparently ephemeral. There is but little danger to society from the perpetuity of their tenures. Their quarrels, their combinations, their losses, their gains, are matters of public interest, but not of politics.

It is apparent, then, that our discussion narrows down to the relations of transportation companies to the public. It is plain that the corporate fiction can be used as a method of doing business—as in the case of savings-banks—without arousing the jealousy of those who watch for the violation of the maxims of good government. The various reasons which partially exempt most

corporations, other than transportation companies, from our protracted examination, have been found to be: That the character of the business was purely local; that there was no tendency to an indefinite concentration of capital, but that the very character of the transactions imposed arbitrary limits thereto; that the nature of their business relations compelled a public spirit; that a full and complete remedy from the supposed exactions or impositions was to be found without recourse to legislation or public discussion; that competition, and the fact that the services were not in the nature of a public necessity, but simply a precaution or a convenience, furnished a reasonable security to the public; and that the danger arising from perpetuity of titles was in some instances so remote as to cause no apprehension on the part of the people.

According to the returns, the cost of the railroads of the United States is ten times the capital of the entire number of National banks; and if it should be found that they, with the influence that they can command, are to be ranged upon one side of a political question, all other corporations exercising no weight in the decision, and if upon the other side should be found a public which believes it has some great wrong to be remedied, but which it is to the interest of the railroads to perpetuate, the contest would be no trifling one. Standing alone, these mighty corporations form a giant power. The Government of the United States has placed in the hands of seventy-seven of these the right to acquire upward of 192,000,000 acres of land. Up to January 30th, 1878, there had been certified from the Land Office 42,698,054 acres on these grants. The estimated quantity of the grant to the Union Pacific was 12,000,000 acres; of this grant less than 2,000,000 had been certified to them. Of the 47,000,000 acres estimated as comprised in the grant to the Northern Pacific, 743,493 acres had been certified to them. The grant to the Central Pacific was estimated at 8,000,000 acres: 708,862 had been certified to them at that time. Questions have arisen as to whether some of the grants have not

lapsed, but a vast territory is unquestionably due to many of the roads to which it was originally granted. Some of it may probably never prove to be worth surveying, but much that was thought at one time to be worthless, to-day has an appreciable market value. Even if not another acre should ever be certified, consider the princely character of these gifts: 43,698,054 acres had on the 30th day of January, 1878, been certified to the railroad companies—68,278 square miles.

The area of Maine is	35,000	sq. m.
" " " N. H.	9,280	" "
" " " Vt.	10,212	" "
" " " Mass.	7,800	" "
" " " R. I.	1,306	" "
" " " Conn.	4,750	" "
	68,348	" "

An area equal in extent to all New England has been actually placed in the possession of the railroads. And this land, having been surveyed and certified to the companies, represents actual value delivered in possession. Behind this, and in addition thereto, lie acquired rights, the value of which can only be conjectured. It is certain, however, that there is a great deal of nominal acreage which is of doubtful value.

Now, it cannot be claimed that the naked legal relations which exist between the receivers of these magnificent grants and the Government, differ materially from those of the pre-emptor of a quarter-section. No other obligation attaches to the ownership than that which was expressed in the law making the grant. Vast responsibilities do, however, accompany the concentration of the ownership in the hands of a few men. A condition of affairs exists which was never contemplated by the founders of our government. A landed aristocracy has been created, of such size and power as to surpass that which has perplexed the brains of legislators, and theorizers upon forms of government and questions of political economy, in Europe. The old battle which has been waged for centuries there, may be renewed upon our own soil. By voluntary act we have accom-

plished a greater concentration of ownership of landed property, than primogeniture and entail ever could have effected in England; and against the possible results of this act we have taken no precautions. We have relied upon its being to the manifest interest of the owners of these vast tracts of land to throw them open to settlement, as a sufficient safeguard against the perpetuity of the titles in their hands. We have seen, under their systems of land sales and organized emigration, the character of the population of entire States dictated and controlled by railroads. We have seen in some of these States the population, introduced in a large measure by the railroads themselves, engaged in contests with the roads from which they purchased their homesteads, and through legislatures and courts battling for the theory that the affairs of transportation are of such public import that the right of regulation of necessity ultimately rests in the State. This, however, is not the place to dwell upon this feature of railroads which brings them into politics. The battle is the same, whether the roads have been subsidized or not, and no State in the Union has entirely escaped it. The especial feature of the land-grant which brings it before us in this connection is, that the settlement of the lands is essentially a work of a political nature. The whole future of the section in which it is exercised depends upon it. If judiciously administered, a great boon may be conferred upon the State by those having charge of the matter. If, for the sake of gain, inducements should be held out to a class of undesirable emigrants, a great wrong may be inflicted. Fortunately for the country, no serious complaints have been made against the railroads on this score. Their interests and that of the State have marched hand in hand. Their lands have been freely offered and freely taken up; and the dangers of abuses, either in unduly withholding from settlement, or in encouraging an undesirable emigration, are only among the possibilities which it would be improper to overlook in a thorough consideration of the subject. That such a condition of things might arise as would provoke hot discussion on these points,

cannot be gainsaid. The opposition to Chinese emigration is so pronounced, that even those who believe that they might form a desirable population for our State would hardly recommend their importation in large numbers at present. This hostile feeling is not, however, one of long standing; and it is easy to conceive that the managers of the Central Pacific road, convinced that the frugal, industrious habits of this people would enable them to utilize portions of their land-grant otherwise unavailable, might have been betrayed into the mistake of organizing an extensive system of emigration, which would necessarily have brought them into hostile contact with an intense popular prejudice. If their sagacity has proved their safeguard in the past, it does not prove that it will protect them in the future. Local collisions with private interests have arisen in their affairs, which illustrate the possibilities and the tendencies of the vast and complicated responsibilities which the land-grants have thrust upon their shoulders. The performance of a perfectly legitimate act, such as the selection of the site for a station, or the assertion of a right to locate a particular section of land, indisputably legal in its character, may leave memories of hardship and supposed injustice behind it which will endure beyond the present generation, and some day or other raise its head at some political banquet. With the assertion, which is believed to be incontrovertible, that these grants could never have been passed in Congress if the laws had been drafted specifying the names of individuals as grantees in place of corporations, let us leave this branch of the subject.

However important the land-grant road may have been in shaping the destinies of the nation and molding the character of the States whose population they have helped to increase through the agency of organized emigration, these are by no means the only questions of importance which bring railroads intimately in contact with the politics of the day. Unintimidated by the example of the State of New Jersey—which for years bore the unenviable title of the “State of Camden and Amboy,” in consequence of the alleged polit-

ical power of that corporation—other States have followed in her footsteps, and have by direct legislation created lines of road of such size and importance as to control the transportation rates throughout the State. Where short lines of road forming connected links already existed—as in the case of the roads forming the New York Central line, and in Massachusetts of the Western and the Boston and Worcester railroads—they have either been encouraged or compelled to consolidate. Stimulated by this example, smaller and more insignificant roads have sought to swell their importance by consolidation; and the contagion has spread to such an extent, that the main avenues of transportation between the Mississippi and the Atlantic are to-day controlled by a few men, whose names are as well-known throughout the land as the name of the President. And the day is not far distant when a line of transportation from sea-board to sea-board, with branches to the Gulf and to the head-waters of the Mississippi, will be controlled and directed by a single mind. The power thus concentrated in the hands of a few men extends even to the making and destroying the prosperity of communities. In the construction of new lines, the question of the location of a station may involve the future welfare of the resident population of an entire village. The arbitrary change of a freight-rate may destroy the calculations of the prudent business men of an entire section of country. Discrimination in favor of individuals is not only possible, but may even be carried to the extent of affecting the relative prosperity of towns. Industries may be fostered or suppressed. The methods of management of railroads, in consequence of these facts, become matters of great public import; and, as they are essentially questions of self-interest, they come under the domain of politics. It may be that any attempt to regulate, by legislative interference, affairs so intimately connected with the welfare of an entire people, is, in the language of Governor Stanford, utterly "impossible and impracticable." It may be that these attempts come "from a disregard of the principles upon which our Government is founded, and the

disregard of the rights of individuals and of property, and the assumption of a principle in the administration of governmental affairs that had its origin in robbery and the idea of the divine right of kings." It may be that "the agitator Kearney advocated no doctrine in regard to property more atrocious than the principles embodied in the 'Granger cases,' and the laws which they sustain." It may be that ours was never intended to be a "paternal government," and that the attempt at "regulating the rates shippers shall pay and carriers shall receive for their services" would stamp the Government with this unintended character. Yet the belief is general that the power exists. It is a power which has been frequently exercised; and in the popular opinion this is not only justifiable, but in some cases the neglect to exercise it would be suicidal. Whatever the opinion of students may be as to the merits of the "Granger cases," the principle upon which they are based is indelibly imprinted upon the hearts of the people, and forms the basis of our whole government. It is the public character of the use by means of which the court justified the decision. In a government by the people and for the people, a decision which respects the rights of the many, when those rights are diametrically opposed to those of the few, can more naturally trace its pedigree to a declaration of rights than to "robbery and divine right in kings." An enlarged view of political science does not recognize the right of property to accumulate at the expense of the rights of the people, and by means of a disregard of their welfare. Nuisances are abated upon a principle which is somewhat similar. The destruction of the prosperity of a community, by the arbitrary acts of a board of directors, is as thorough an invasion of their rights, and should be as capable of legal redress or regulation, as the case of a nuisance where a district is rendered uninhabitable by the noxious fumes from an acid factory. In other words: where the public is interested, uses may be regulated and abuses prevented. From Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, the relations of railroads to their customers

are being discussed; and so long as by their acts they shall continue to demonstrate to the people their power, these acts will continue to furnish topics for discussion, for legislation, for politics.

From the days of Magna Charta until now, the English-speaking people, wherever they are to be found, have steadily progressed in their recognition of the rights of all to live and prosper. This progress toward that desirable state of society, described by J. S. Mill as "the perfection of social arrangements," in which the "complete independence and freedom of action" of all persons, "subject to no restriction but that of not doing injury to others" would be secured, has never been permanently checked, whether the form of government under which these people are to be found be republican or monarchical. When legislatures have failed them, courts of law have stepped to their rescue, and by absurd fictions have lodged titles in the clouds, or declared that railroads operated exclusively by the builders were highways. When courts of law have proved weak and compliant, Rump Parliaments have intervened, and through armies and revolution the mighty march of popular rights has maintained its onward course. From the days of Jack Cade to Parnell, no matter how insignificant the leader of a popular outbreak—even if he were but a peddler of matches in the streets of London—if the outbreak was caused by some popular and well-understood grievance, it has not failed to accomplish something toward its remedy. Even now we see that great man, the present Premier of England, in the midst of the foreign complications which he inherited from his predecessors, treating a threatened revolution in Ireland, first, by showing that he could not be intimidated; then, when the tendencies to violence were suppressed, introducing a bill into Parliament which travels further on the road toward an ample recognition of the theory that laws of property must yield to the rights of a whole people to live and prosper upon their native soil, than the most sanguine of the agitators could have expected.

If these principles prevail in England, how much more is it to be expected that they will prevail here? Until these conflicts are adjusted, it is certain that our railroads must be plunged into the arena of politics. On the one hand, we have the published claim of Governor Stanford, that they should by right be absolutely exempt from regulation; on the other, the reiterated assertions of State legislatures, that competent and thorough supervision should be maintained.

These contests in public prints, and at State capitals, are caused by the violation of some rule of political economy which our discussion has not yet developed. We have seen that it is not necessarily an inherent quality of the fictitious person of the corporation which provokes this collision. We have seen that grants in the nature of acknowledged monopolies are no longer justified; and, as we have proceeded, we have been able partially to eliminate from our discussion the majority of corporations: thus showing that it is not the aggregation of wealth in itself which produces the result. If it is not the fictitious person of the corporation, if the perpetuity of titles in the never-dying person would not alone accomplish it, if there is no recognized character of monopoly in the grant, where will our analysis point us out the cause of this conflict?

The popular answer is direct and pointed. It furnishes a complete explanation to the condition of affairs, and is based upon the experience of the past. Whenever and wherever the gigantic corporations, whose power is a source of constant terror to the public, are spoken of, they are called monopolies; and if this title be just, we need seek no further for an answer to our question. The exclusive right to a market, acquired either by grant or purchase, to which the technical legal definition of the word would confine us, is not conferred upon these companies by any enactment of law. The *exclusive* possession of the market is, however, the dangerous feature of the transaction, if that exclusiveness is capable of being maintained. It is that which threatens the public welfare, and not the fact of its main-

tenance being guaranteed by law. Our definition of the word must therefore be stripped of its narrow technical meaning, and it must be understood to include in its terms as well the possession of those exclusive rights or powers which can be maintained in defiance of law, as those which are guaranteed in a charter or grant. The power and the danger of the monopoly rests in its exclusiveness, and not in its legal origin. The power of strong corporations to ruin opposing companies by a cut-throat policy of rates has been repeatedly practiced. Where the business is ample to justify the formation of an opposition in a field already pre-empted by a powerful adversary, capitalists are deterred from attempting it by these practices. Where the business is too small to tempt investors into an experimental opposition, the poverty of the traffic itself protects the monopoly. In view of these facts, it is begging the question to assert, as Governor Stanford does, that the field is open to the public. "The filing of a certificate of incorporation, and the payment of about ten dollars to the Secretary of State," may give to any person the right to parallel every mile of railroad in the State, but it would require no prophet to predict the effect upon the bank account of the lunatic who should attempt it. The explanation of the causes of discriminations in a tariff does not wipe out the injurious effect of such discriminations, and does not go far toward soothing a restless public, even though they may fully comprehend the alleged reason.

The statement made by Senator Windom in his letter to the President of the Anti-monopoly League—"There are in this country four men who in the matter of taxation possess, and frequently exercise, powers which neither Congress nor any State legislature would dare exert; powers which, if exercised in Great Britain, would shake the throne to its foundation"—attracted the attention to which its truthfulness entitled it. In the same way, the exposure, in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, of the power wield-

ed by Messrs. Rockefeller & Co., under the name of "The Standard Oil Company," has startled a wider circle than the ordinary readers of that magazine. The attempt to prevent the consolidation of the telegraph companies was watched eagerly, but not hopefully, by a deeply-interested public. The recently-reported sale of the Panama Railroad to French capitalists has led thinkers to ask how far the machinery of an American corporation may be used to plunge us even into international complications?

Out of all that has been said, but one inference can be drawn. The tendency of a certain class of corporations is inevitably toward consolidation and aggrandizement in such form as to create substantial monopolies. It is an axiom, that monopolies are odious, and in a free country their ultimate overthrow is inevitable. In view of the extraordinary powers and responsibilities of some of these corporations—especially those so richly endowed by the Government with land-grants—it would be but common prudence for them to note the signs of the times, and so shape their actions as to relieve themselves from the imputation of being monopolies. Let it be granted that this course shall be pursued, and we may predict that there is no other disturbing element in the relations of corporations to the people and to the Government which will tend to make their acts subject of public discussion. Until this state of affairs shall exist; until this tendency toward consolidation shall cease; until competition shall be tolerated, and conciliation practiced; until conviction shall rest in the mind of every intelligent observer that they cannot justly be called monopolies; until the owners of wealth in such conspicuous form shall recognize other obligations to society than the payment of taxes; and until by liberal endowments to beneficent institutions they shall allay the jealousy of the laboring classes toward aggregated capital—it is inevitable that the affairs of corporations shall continue to be an element of American politics.

ANDREW MCF. DAVIS.

QUESTION.

'Twas here, sweet love, beside the stream
 Where tangled blossoms quiver,
 And dainty-fingered fern-leaves gleam
 Above the restless river;
 Where redwood shadows fall to meet
 The golden sun-tide flowing,
 And all the air is still and sweet
 With wildwood odors blowing;—
 'Twas here I heard thee whisper low
 Thy sweet confession—trembling so.

And yet, sweet love, if we had met,
 Upon some arid plain
 Where birds sing not, nor waters fret,
 Nor cooling shadows reign;—
 If on some desert, lone and rude,
 I to thy feet had come,
 And nature smiled not while I wooed,
 And all the skies were dumb;—
 Speak little heart, my doubt dispel:
 Would'st thou have loved me there as well?

D. S. RICHARDSON.

A KNIGHT OF THE FRONTIER.

Among the many adventurous spirits drawn by the discovery of gold in California to the Pacific Coast, where they became unconsciously and by the force of circumstances makers of history and founders of empire, was a young Pennsylvanian from the vicinity of Philadelphia, named Benjamin Wright. He was of a good family and Quaker antecedents, and had a sister who was afterward a belle in Washington society. Of the hopes or disappointments which led him to determine upon coming to California in that early day, nothing is known, and probably he was only one of the many Argonauts who sought the Golden Fleece. Drifting northward, we hear of him first at Yreka, in 1851,

where he seems to have become well-known for brave and energetic characteristics, and to have been willing to lead in encounters with the ever treacherous and murderous Indians of northern California and southern Oregon; going with other citizens of Yreka to recover a band of horses stolen from the miners by the Modoc Indians.

In the summer of 1852 he is again heard of, heading a party to arrest two Rogue River Indians who had murdered a citizen of Scott's Valley, in which expedition he was successful, the Indians being taken while fleeing to the Modoc country. They were fairly tried; one was hung, and one acquitted. Wright was at this time about thirty-

two years of age; tall, lithe, with long, curling black hair falling down to his shoulders; features rather fine and pleasing, a quick-moving dark eye, and a shrewd rather than an intellectual expression of countenance. Dressed in the fringed buckskin suit affected by frontiersmen, a Palo Alto hat slouched over his handsome face, astride of his heavy black mule, with bear-skin *mochilas*, and a rifle slung across his back, he was the ideal of a knight of the frontier. Less daring and less honorable deeds than have been done by him and his class have made the knights and heroes of transatlantic history.

In 1852, there was a large emigration across the plains to California and Oregon. Those destined for the Rogue River or Shasta valleys, after parting company with the main emigration through the Humboldt Valley, took a route that led north-westerly to about the latitude of 42° , and thence westward through a succession of alkaline and marsh-skirted lakes, until it reached the range of mountains separating this uninviting region from the beautiful valleys on the other side of the Sierra. From the earliest explorations of this country it had proved a dangerous region to the unwary traveler—the more so as the Indians inhabiting it became aware of the value of the property of white men, and by occasional murders and robberies possessed themselves of fire-arms in addition to bows and arrows.

About the first of August of the year above mentioned, a train of sixty male emigrants arrived in Yreka by this route—the advance of a long succession of emigrant companies to arrive for two months later. These men represented that in passing through the country lying between Goose Lake on the east and Lower Klamath Lake on the west, ranged over by the Modoc tribe of Indians, they had found these savages prepared for hostilities, but afraid, apparently, to attack them, as they were well-armed and traveled compactly. That they would attack some weaker parties coming after them they had not a doubt.

On receiving this information, Charles McDermitt, a large-souled man, at that time

Sheriff of Siskiyou County—the same who afterward, and during the Civil War, commanded Fort Churchill in northern Nevada—determined to take steps to prevent the unsuspecting and wearied emigrants from being plundered and murdered by the Modocs. Those who had lived a few years on the frontier knew the danger; those who were coming did not. And being aware of this, Captain McDermitt soon had under his command a company of about thirty men—brave, resolute and unselfish border-knights, anxious to rescue from peril their brothers from the East, and wild with the thought that perhaps even then unresisting women and helpless babes were being butchered with all the horrors of savage warfare. Arming and equipping with haste—having the countenance and support of the citizens of Yreka, many of whom expected relations to arrive that year, and by that route—Captain McDermitt, in a few days' time, was upon the road, and his company succeeded in reaching Goose Lake while but two trains were known to have passed that point. Both being well-armed bodies of men, were allowed to pass through the Modoc country with only a slight skirmish, in which two men were wounded.

The third train consisted of ten wagons, and about twenty poorly-armed men, five of whom had families accompanying them. To these Captain McDermitt explained the danger from Indian attack, and sent with them two of his company as guides. Daily, in advance, could be seen an Indian spy; and as the company approached the since famous Lost River country, signal-fires were lighted, though no Indians appeared in sight. Satisfied that an ambush was being prepared, the guides determined, if possible, to avoid the snare. The old emigrant road passed for about a mile close upon the margin of Tule Lake, where it was overhung by high cliffs, the terminal rocks of a ridge running north, and forming the eastern boundary of the Lost River Valley. Turning to the north before coming to this ridge, the guides led the wagons over it, and into the valley, by a route hitherto unused. As the

Modocs discovered the failure of their scheme of ambush, they came out of their hiding-places in swarms, howling and yelling in demoniacal rage. Previously, a Dutchman belonging to the train, who could not be convinced of danger so long as he did not see Indians, had ventured alone toward the lake to shoot ducks. The Indians waited until he was within fifty yards of the lake, when they broke cover, and made a dash in his direction. He proved to be a swift runner, however, and reached the train in safety, though he left most of his clothing upon the tough sage-brush through which he was obliged to force his way. This double disappointment greatly excited and incensed the Indians, who gathered near the train, making frantic demonstrations, but hesitating to attack. The emigrants hurried forward their teams, to take up a position in open ground; the Indians endeavoring to stampede the cattle, succeeding in which they would have had the whites at their mercy.

On arriving at a proper place for a halt, the train was brought to a stand-still, the wagons drawn up in a circle, with the cattle in the inclosure, and preparation made for a fight; an event which, at the same time, the whites were anxious to avoid. One-third of the company, with one of the Yreka men who could speak the jargon in use among the Oregon and Californian tribes, then advanced toward the Indian ranks, calling out to their chief to come and fight if he wished it, as they were ready. This apparent desire for battle, together with the mysterious appearance of the wagons, which had their covers tied down close to conceal the women and children, inspired the Modocs with apprehensions, and the chief proposed to hold a conference, unarmed, with the speaker of the whites. Accordingly both advanced, until within seventy-five yards of each other, and entered upon a pretended friendly council.

While the conference was going on, one by one the Indians on an eminence not far off were seen to fasten their bows to their feet, secrete arrows at their backs, and, making a show of being unarmed, join the chief.

Of this movement the speaker was warned by his friends in waiting; and the chief, being remonstrated with, sent away his men. After parleying for some time, the Modocs agreed to retire, and allow the emigrants to proceed without further interruption. As they once more set the train in motion, a party of Modocs, mounted, made their appearance from behind the north end of the ridge, where they had evidently been stationed to intercept any fleeing members of the company when it should have been attacked at the south end. That evening the company encamped fifteen miles west of the point of attack, expecting to be followed; but a cold rain-storm setting in, which lasted nearly all night, seemed to have damped the aggressiveness of the Modocs. Starting on again early in the morning, they had not gone over a quarter of a mile, when, looking back, they could see their camp-ground covered with the savages, a second time disappointed. Soon after they passed beyond the limits of the Modoc country, and were safe.

These incidents occurred on the 19th and 20th of August. On the 23rd, while encamped, about nine o'clock in the evening, there came into their midst a most pitiable object—a half-dressed, almost wholly-starved and demented man, riding bare-backed a jaded and famished horse, whose general condition seemed in sympathy with his rider's. The man, who was hardly able to articulate, was lifted to the ground, fed, and tended until he could give some half-intelligible account of himself. He belonged, he said, to a party of nine men traveling on horseback, with pack-animals. They had been duly warned by Captain McDermitt, and on approaching Tule Lake had avoided the narrow pass, taking the same cut-off used by the previous train. Seeing no Indians, they were riding carelessly down the west side of the ridge into the valley. Suddenly from the rocks behind them came a cloud of arrows, with a few bullets—the Modocs at this time being in possession of not more than six or eight guns in the whole tribe. At the first fire eight of the men were unhorsed. The horse ridden by the ninth man fell, and

his rider, dropping his gun in the excitement, sprang upon a loose horse, which, taking fright, ran with him for miles up the valley, urged on by the yells of the Indians. Fran-tic himself at the suddenness and appalling nature of the calamity which had overtaken him, he used no discretion, nor attempted to control the animal until it dropped from exhaustion—as he believed, dead.

The fugitive was now near the Lost River, which he swam, taking a west course. On approaching Lower Klamath Lake, he discovered an Indian, which so alarmed him that he turned back and swam the river again; roaming about, not knowing what direction to take, until on the following day he came upon his horse, that, having recovered from its fatigue, was glad to welcome back its master. Mounting, he rode day and night, until he came to the camp, as above mentioned. He had about a tablespoonful of rose-berries tied up in a corner of his handkerchief, which he said he was saving for food, as he expected to be out all winter, and should need them. Fright, want, and solitude had fairly turned his brain.

Taking this poor creature with them, the company moved on, arriving at Yreka on the 24th, where the story of the massacre of the eight men was quickly spread abroad. A public meeting was called the same night, to organize a volunteer company to go out upon that portion of the road leading through the Modoc country, for the protection of the emigration. A courier was dispatched to Wright, who was mining on Cottonwood Creek, twenty miles distant. By daylight next morning he was seen in the streets of Yreka, and men were crowding around him, eager to volunteer under his leadership to punish the Modocs or to protect their friends. Those who could not volunteer, generously contributed arms, horse-equipments, provisions, blankets, or ammunition—whatever they possessed, that would enable those who could to undertake the sterner duty of the camp and the field.

To understand with what interest the people already on the Pacific Coast watched for each year's immigration, it is necessary to

know something of their relative conditions. Those already here were the fathers, husbands, or brothers of those upon the road; and were relatives, or, at the farthest, neighbors of many to whom they were not so nearly related. Often they had thousands of dollars worth of property in stock coming overland from the States. Most of these men had made the journey across the continent, and knew by experience that after passing Fort Hall the hardest and most perilous part of it remained to be performed. By July, on this side of the Rocky Mountains, grass was dry, except in certain favored localities; water scarce, and the heat and dust excessive. The larger the emigration, the greater the suffering from these causes. Every week, as the season advanced, added to the evils to be endured. Often food became scarce in whole trains, and for other trains to relieve the want was to place themselves in the same situation. Yet the help was usually afforded and it sometimes happened that almost a whole emigration arrived in a famishing condition. Knowing this, supplies were annually forwarded to meet the later trains. The long, toilsome, wearisome journey was dreaded for their friends by those on this side, and great anxiety felt concerning their condition during the last stages of their journey. The maddening thought that to all the trials attending emigration might be added that of savage warfare was not to be borne. Even those who had no friends on the road that year sympathized with those who had, and were eager to give assistance. It was this general impulse to shield from harm the coming emigration, which so quickly set on foot the movement to raise a company of volunteers. The estimation in which Wright was held was shown by the fact of soliciting him to take the captaincy of the company. As Yreka, in 1852, was but a small town, and as preparations had to be made for weeks of service, it was three days before the horse-shoeing, the saddle-making or mending, the packing of stores, and gathering up of arms and ammunition, was completed; when at last Ben Wright, with thirty good and true men, and two friendly Indians, one of them

a servant of Wright, set out upon his errand of mercy.

In the meantime the Modocs were carrying on their predatory warfare with success, unknown to Captain McDermitt, whose men, engaged in piloting trains, were scattered along the road for a hundred miles, and unable to do military duty. The fate of some of these travelers only their bones remained to tell. About the last of August a company of twenty-nine men, one woman, and a child, arrived at Black Rock Springs, several days east of Tule Lake. They found there six of McDermitt's company; two of whom—Mr. Coats, representative of Siskiyou County, and a Mr. Ormsby, of Yreka—were sent to escort them through the Modoc country. Before proceeding far on this portion of the journey, they were joined by another company of thirty-two armed emigrants, who had for pilot a third man named Evans—an old mountainer, well acquainted with the country.

On the 3rd of September, when within half a day's drive of Tule Lake, the latter company halted for repairs, while the former one kept on, Messrs. Coats and Ormsby riding in advance. It would seem from what happened now, that these gentlemen could not have been informed of that which had occurred a few days previously. It is certain that two of the Yreka men, named Smith and Toland, escorting a train through Tule Lake, were wounded and taken to Yreka in emigrant wagons, which probably accounts for the fact that the men coming after them were uninformed and unprepared for an attack. The guides were three-quarters of a mile ahead of the train, on the old road next the lake, and were just turning the point of the ridge which hid them from sight, when those behind saw a large number of Indians suddenly start to view among the rocks. Immediately one of the company, mounted on a swift horse, hastened in pursuit, to warn Coats and Ormsby of their danger; soon disappearing, like them, behind the point of the bluff. The train was poorly armed, there being but seven guns in the company. These were examined; the woman and child (the family of W. L. Donellen) hidden under some bedding, the wagon

covers tied down, and the train proceeded, soon entering upon the narrow pass of a mile in length. As it moved along under the bluff, the arrows began to fall thick and fast. But the men kept, as much as possible, the wagons between them and the Indians, and by urging their teams, and using their guns judiciously, made the dangerous mile with but one man wounded—shot with an arrow through the back and lungs.

Hastening on to the open valley—still dogged by the Indians, who were kept at a distance by the guns—the train was halted and the cattle corralled between the wagons. They now perceived that some of the savages were mounted upon the horses and wore the clothing of Coats, Ormsby, and the third man who had preceded them, and understood what had been their fate. The Modocs, finding that the company were prepared to defend themselves, tried various devices to approach, or to force them from their position; making screens of tules, which they pushed slowly before them, so as almost to be unobserved while they crawled along the ground, and when they saw this artifice was discovered, setting fire to the dry tules to the windward. The latter danger the emigrants met with a "back-fire," and retained their position.

Thus passed the remainder of that day and night, and the next day until about noon, when the company behind came up. By the advice of Evans they had taken the cut-off over the ridge, eluding an ambush set for them at the point of rocks, and causing great excitement among the Indians, who hurried about yelling, apparently distracted with rage. After being reinforced, the whole body of the emigrants moved to the border of the lake, the first train having been without water for more than twenty-four hours. The Indians, made desperate by the prospect of losing their prey, followed, and, skulking in the tules, shot their arrows after them. As they were very numerous, the situation of the emigrants was precarious; for, whether they moved or remained to fight, there was almost the certainty of being cut off at last by the savages, who possessed the advantage

of numbers and familiarity with the country.

While watering their cattle at the lake-side, what appeared to them a party of Indians, mounted, came in sight from the west, riding down upon them, causing a hasty movement of armed men to the front. As the cavalcade came nearer, their leader, Captain Ben Wright, advanced alone, addressing them in English, and explaining his errand. Great was the relief and joy when it became known that a volunteer company from Yreka had come to their rescue, prepared to fight the Modocs. A fat bullock driven from Salt Lake was slaughtered, as an act of hospitality to the volunteers, who, while they feasted, learned the requirements of the situation in which the emigration was placed by the hostility of the Indians. Their grief and anger on learning the fate of Coats and Ormsby prepared them to mete out vengeance; and an immediate attack was determined upon, in which the armed portion of the emigrants offered to participate.

Leaving a guard with the wagons, the volunteers, with a reinforcement of a dozen men, made a reconnaissance of the lake-shore—the Indians running wildly about in much excitement, trying to intercept their course. But their inferior arms placed them at a great disadvantage, and in the skirmishing the Indians were driven into the lake, the volunteers following until up to their armpits in water. Concealed among the tules were the canoes of the Indians, in which they finally made their escape to the since famous lava-beds. One of these canoes was upset by their pursuers, drowning several of the fleeing Indians. What with the killed and drowned that afternoon, there were twenty-five Modocs less at nightfall.

In skirmishing around the lake, the bodies of the three men killed the day before were discovered, horribly mutilated. To their poor remains such decent burial was given as the circumstances permitted. The bodies of the eight emigrants massacred two weeks previous had been devoured by wolves, only their bones being found. These ghastly appeals for retributive justice furnished sad

subjects for camp-fire conversation that night. The next day the emigrants continued their journey toward Yreka, escorted a day's travel upon the road by Wright's company. They carried the story of these outrages to the settlements, and the liveliest feelings of horror and indignation prevailed among all classes of people, both in California and Oregon; and a company of volunteers was raised in Jacksonville, by Captain John E. Ross, and sent out to assist in protecting the emigration.

Wright had his head-quarters at Clear Lake, a few miles east of Tule Lake, the circle upon the ground made by his horse-corral being visible at the present day. For two months the volunteers traveled back and forth, in heat and dust, escorting emigrants over a stretch of a hundred miles of road. To support them in the field for this length of time required a good deal of self-denial on the part of the people, who contributed supplies, not only to them, but to some of the emigration who had exhausted their provisions before arriving at Wright's post. In raising these supplies, Captain McDermitt was most untiring and efficient, giving of his own money and time unsparingly; while to Captain Ben Wright was left the command of the fighting-men. Wright's lieutenants were W. I. Kershaw, and H. N. White. Among his company were Messrs. E. P. Jenner, J. C. Burgess, John S. Halleck, William Tenning, William Bram, Evans, Murray, Fielding, Sanbanch, Poland, and Helm, with others whose names are unknown.

When the Modocs learned that they were watched by a force of armed whites, they were compelled to cease their outrages, and remained in their fastnesses on the south side of the lake, which could not be approached by the volunteers without boats. But from two prisoners, whom Wright succeeded in capturing, he learned enough to inform him that twenty-five known murders committed in the fore part of the season did not comprise the sum total of their atrocities. Indeed, one of the captured Indians was wrapped in a cradle-quilt when caught—an article that suggested a whole chapter

of horrors—and from these guilty wretches he obtained knowledge of two young women held in captivity by the Modocs, and a large amount of property in their possession belonging to murdered emigrants, fourteen of whom had been found at Lost River Fort by Ross's company.

To liberate the captives and recover the property stolen was now the aim of Wright. But no artifice or argument of his could overcome the caution and cunning of the enemy, who during six or eight weeks eluded all his attempts to draw them out of their caves. At one time he pretended to withdraw his men, and the whole company traveled easterly for a considerable distance. Meeting a train with ox-teams, loose cattle, and all the incumbrances of emigrants, Wright formed a plan to bring on an encounter with them, by hiding most of his men in the emigrant wagons, concealing every appearance of arms, dressing some of the volunteers in women's clothing, and permitting the train to drag its slow length carelessly along past the Bloody Point of Tule Lake, as if wholly unsuspicuous of danger. But the Modocs were not to be caught. They were too well-skilled in treacherous devices not to see guile in such apparent guilelessness, and remained unmoved in their rocky strongholds.

About the last of October the emigration was believed to be all in, and the volunteers returned to their homes. Very soon after, it was discovered that some families were still missing, and probably upon the road. Wright then determined to return to the Modoc country, and to take with him lumber to make boats in which to cross the lake, and force from the Modocs their guilty secrets. On arriving at Bloody Point with only eighteen men, he found that a small train, containing men, women and children, had been driven from the road into the tules, where all were murdered, their wagons broken up and secreted, and property carried off. This discovery made Wright and his men doubly determined upon getting at the Modocs. At length, by means of a couple of boats, and with the aid of his Indian servant,

and a Modoc squaw, Wright succeeded in invading their rocky retreat in the lava-beds, and putting himself in communication with the chiefs.

Here he found abundant evidences of murder and plunder: women's dresses with arrow-holes through them, and infants' socks and clothing, among them. Wright offered to make a treaty of amity and commerce with the Modocs, provided they would deliver up their two captives, and restore the cattle, horses, arms, and other property taken from the whites that season, amounting to many thousands of dollars; but otherwise, he should make war upon them, and kill as many as possible. After a good deal of negotiating, much prevarication, and deceit, the chiefs consented to a meeting for a conference, the place being fixed by Wright near his camp on Lost River. Four of the Modocs only presented themselves at the time agreed upon, bringing with them an old gun and a couple of poor horses.

With a good understanding of the Indian character, Wright regarded these four in the light of spies only, and determined upon making a demonstration of power, as the only means of inspiring respect. One of the four chiefs was required to go back to his people and bring in the two white women and the property as before demanded, while the other three were detained as hostages. The messenger returned next day, with forty-five warriors, but without the prisoners or the plundered property. Here was a critical turn in affairs; but without showing any fear, Wright proceeded with the council as if he did not apprehend treachery. The Indians were generously feasted on the same beef eaten by the volunteers. Again Wright stated his terms of amnesty and friendship, which the Modoc chiefs treated with slightly veiled contempt.

"You held our men as hostages when you outnumbered us," they said; "now we think we should hold you."

Perceiving that the Modocs had no real intention of agreeing to the only terms on which a treaty could be made with them, Wright knew that the safety of himself and

his company depended upon anticipating the intentions of the enemy. He therefore allowed the council to be prolonged until nightfall, when the Indians encamped on the opposite side of the river, near the Stone Ford or Bridge, as it was commonly called. The usual hour of attack among Indians is early morning. During the night, about half of Wright's men crossed the river, and concealed themselves as close as they safely could to the Indian camp. Wright, to be sure that he was not mistaken, waited to attack until he heard preparations for attacking him going on in the Modoc camp, and the person of the head chief could be distinctly discerned. Then he fired, and the chief fell. At the signal the remainder of the company dashed across the river, and the slaughter commenced. Unable to see their assailants, the Indians were mowed down by the rifles and revolvers of the volunteers. Out of forty-eight only two or three escaped. Of the eighteen volunteers, four were wounded.

Wright and his company returned immediately to Yreka, the wounded men being carried fifteen miles on litters made of their guns lashed together. Arrived at that place, the volunteers were welcomed with rejoicing, the sick tenderly cared for, and the freedom of the town extended to Captain Wright. No man ever had a greater degree of popularity among his peers than Wright enjoyed at this time. Those whose lives and property were saved by the exertions of the volunteers, owed them a debt of gratitude not soon to be forgotten. Those whose wrongs they had attempted to redress or avenge, held their services in high esteem. Nor was there ever a question raised as to the propriety of Wright's conduct at that time, in extricating his company from a dangerous predicament, by surprising the Modoc camp, and killing as many as he could of the murderers of innocent persons, since they refused to accept amnesty and a treaty of peace and commerce.

But two or three years afterward, owing to some personal jealousies—arising out of Wright's popularity, quite as much as any-

thing, apparently—it began to be said that he had not deserved the encomiums lavished upon him in 1852; but that instead, he had acted very dishonorably in the closing scene of that campaign, and in fact that he had been inspired from the first with mere blood-thirstiness of disposition; and even that he had killed the Modocs by poison and not in battle. The flimsiness of these accusations is easily shown. In the first place, he did not seek the captaincy of the rescuing company—it sought him. He arrived in the Modoc country after a large number of persons had been murdered, variously estimated from thirty-six to seventy-five, and under circumstances to render the wrong peculiarly aggravating. One of his company, writing to a citizen of Yreka, said: "No man, seeing what we have seen, and having a drop of the milk of human kindness in his veins, could refuse to give his last dollar, if required, to prevent the repetition of such atrocities as have been committed at this place. For God's sake do not be slow in sending recruits and supplies!"—which does not sound like the utterance of a man bent only on killing Indians from wantonness. Several respectable citizens of Siskiyou County, members of Wright's company, have denied over their own signatures, given publicly, that there was any treachery connected with the killing of the Modocs—but that the volunteers simply defended themselves from an intended massacre by the Modocs, who greatly outnumbered them, and might be reinforced by much larger numbers. Had there been any other way left, Wright certainly would have taken it, rather than have left the captives and the property in the hands of the Modocs, neither of which were ever recovered, the girls dying in the hands of their captors; for after having been forced to extricate his company in the manner adopted, he could not remain a day longer in the Modoc country, even had he not had four wounded men requiring surgical assistance.

Wright probably returned to mining, as nothing is heard of him in public life until in 1855, when he appears again as a Sub-Indian Agent in Oregon, in charge of the Indians about the mouth of Rogue River—the

Tootootonies and Mackanotins—Indians as savage as the Modocs, but less intelligent and brave. A bloody Indian war was being carried on in the Rogue River Valley, extending to the Umpqua Valley, and threatening to involve all the Indians on the west of the Cascade range. The Oregon Superintendent had done all that was in his power to prevent the infection spreading, by gathering up the coast tribes and placing them on temporary reservations, in charge of agents. In November, 1855, we find W. R. Dunbar, Collector at Port Orford, writing to the Superintendent:

"Ben is on the jump day and night. I never saw in my life a more energetic agent of the public. His plans are all good, there can be no doubt of it—that of maintaining peace, and that of quieting the fears of the Indian—so that he and the white man may return to their usual pursuits."

By another correspondent he is styled "Our much-esteemed and efficient Indian Agent."

The only published document signed with his name is the following letter, which explains itself.

"PORT ORFORD, Nov. 5th, 1855.

"SIR:—In consequence of existing excitement on the part of the white citizens of this district, occasioned by the presence of warlike bands of Indians on our borders, I deem it expedient and necessary to request you to allow the present military force stationed at Port Orford to remain, as a means of enabling me to carry out my plans for the preservation of peace among the Indians of my district, and for the security of white citizens.

BENJAMIN WRIGHT,
Sub-Indian Agent.

MAJOR REYNOLDS, U. S. A."

In another communication of Mr. Dunbar, he says:

"Ben goes at once to Rogue River, and if the whites will let his business alone, he can maintain peace in his widely-extended district. * * * He will try to restore quiet, and at all hazards prevent the whites misusing the Indians."

He seemed at this time to have the entire confidence of the Indians, whom he counseled, fed, and protected from the rage of white men who had lost friends in the Indian wars,

or who, for baser reasons, wished the Indians out of their way. With the shrewdness which distinguished him, Wright had availed himself of the superstitions of the savages to strengthen his influence among them, and they believed that he could not be killed by a bullet or any missile. He had also allied himself to the Indians, after the fashion of the early fur-traders, by taking to wife an intelligent Indian woman, who acted as his interpreter, and drew a salary from the Department in that capacity. So far as one knew, and to all appearances, Wright was the person of all others to control the wild creatures placed in his charge. But Indian character is hard to understand, and seldom thoroughly reliable.

A bitter struggle had been going on for months between the Rogue River settlers and the natives of the valley, who had conceived the notion that they could exterminate the whites, and were trying to do it. The Indian Department, which, like the Military Department, often feels it to be a duty to take sides against the white race as opposed to the Indian race, and to ignore the claims of labor and civilization in humoring the demands of indolent savages, who require land enough for each individual to support a thousand by agriculture, had decided to "protect" the tribes on the coast by removing them to a distant reservation, and they had consented to be thus protected. But emissaries from the Rogue River were among them, stirring them up to suspicion and hatred, increasing the natural dread which the Indian has of any change from the locality familiar to him. Worst among these mischief-makers was one Enos, a half-breed, who had been once in Frémont's employ as a guide, and who added intelligence to evil propensities; and this man it was Wright's intention to arrest, as one means of preventing the spread of the war-spirit among the Indians of his district.

In February, 1856, the first companies of volunteers called out to protect settlements having finished their term of service, the Governor of Oregon called for several new companies to be organized. One of these had a recruiting-camp about four miles above

the mouth of Rogue River, and on the night of the 22nd a part of the men went down to Whaleshead, a small town at the mouth, where a dance was being held to celebrate Washington's birthday.

The captain of the volunteers, Ben Poland, was also at Whaleshead that night, and, in company with Wright, was at the house of a Mr. J. McGuire. Toward daylight on the 23rd, some of the Mackanotins came to McGuire's house and informed Wright that Enos was at their camp, and they wished the agent to come over the river and take him away, as he was making trouble for them. Calling on his friend Poland to accompany him, Wright, without a suspicion of treachery, did as he was desired; crossed the river to the Indian camp, in the discharge of his duty, and met his fate. No one ever knew the manner of his death, only as it was truly or falsely revealed by the savages themselves, and boasted of by Enos. That it was horrible, there is no doubt. It was said, on Indian authority, that he was cut to pieces with knives, his heart cut out and roasted, and a part of it eaten by his Indian wife, who had told the Mackanotins to kill him in that manner, since they believed he could not be shot. This part of the story may be only sensational. But it is certain that the Indians, to save whom from harm he exerted all his great energies, betrayed and foully murdered him.

As the story is usually told, the impression is given that the Modocs, or an Indian woman who was a friend of the Modocs, murdered him in revenge for the killing of over forty of their people by the Yreka volunteers in 1852. There is, however, no truth in that assertion. He was killed at a general uprising of the barbarous and murderous tribes which inhabited the coast from the Coquille River to the California line; the special treachery practiced upon him being attributable to the superstition above mentioned. It is not probable that the Indians who killed him knew anything about the Modoc affair, as they had no intercourse with that people; or, if they had any, it was only as enemies, for the Modocs were friends with no tribes east of the Cascades.

On the night or morning when Wright and Poland were killed, twenty-four other persons were murdered, others wounded, and two women carried into captivity. Every house but one in a distance of ten miles was burned—the Indians attacking at seven different points during that day. At the volunteer camp, out of fifteen men only two escaped. At Whaleshead and along the road, another thirteen were massacred. During the week following, five other persons, making thirty-one in all, suffered death at the hands of the savages. For a whole month all the inhabitants of that district, about one hundred and thirty, were crowded into a small, rude fort which had been erected at the breaking-out of the Rogue River war, only venturing far enough away by day, and under guard, to dig potatoes left in the ground over winter, or to kill one of their own cattle escaped from the Indians, for food. One of the volunteers who escaped made his way to Port Orford, where Major Reynolds was stationed with ten men. But the troops could not go to the relief of the beleaguered people at Whaleshead because the Indians threatened Port Orford, and it became necessary to fortify in all haste for their own defense. Six generous-souled men got into an open boat, and coasted along down to the mouth of Rogue River, but were drowned in the surf in an attempt to land—thus only adding to the loss of life. Captain Tichenor took his schooner *Nellie* down, but could not effect a landing; and another vessel, the *Gold Beach*, with volunteers on board, made an effort to go to the relief of the people at Whaleshead, from Crescent City, but failed. No help could reach them from the interior, over mountain trails covered with snow, and almost impassable at any time. A messenger who was sent out from Port Orford, and reached the Umpqua Valley, conveyed the first news of the massacre, which was forwarded to San Francisco; and troops were sent from here to Port Orford with orders to march to the relief of these people, of whom nothing had been heard for a month.

They were found by Colonel Buchanan huddled in their miserable little fort, and

overjoyed to be released. There were no newspapers in this part of Oregon to chronicle the events of that trying period of its history. A few letters from private individuals found their way into the public prints, and all of these spoke in terms of respect and regard of the murdered Indian Agent, Ben Wright, whose death was generally regretted. When the United States troops and Oregon volunteers had fought and punished the Indians until they were quiescent, the Indian Superintendent removed them to the far-off reservation which they dreaded, and an Agent was put over them who made them fear him.

One day he found a party of the Mackanotins howling and yelling over a white man's scalp—the ebony locks of poor Wright, whose body never had Christian burial. He ordered them to give it to him. They refused. He marched two or three of the leaders before him to the guard-house, and gave them fifteen minutes to deliver to him the scalp. They held out until the time was almost up; but, not liking the looks of the Agent's revolver, finally yielded, and the trophy passed into his hands. Ross Browne, who was sent to report upon the condition of Indian affairs in Oregon, in 1857, tells about this. About this time, Enos, the half-breed concerned in the murder of Wright, was arrested, and finally hung at Port Orford.

These are all the facts publicly recorded of Wright. None of them are dishonorable to him. Why was it then, that as soon as he was dead, and could not call his slanderers to account, the story was set afloat of his poisoning the Modocs? In General Wool's report for 1856, he says:

"I will simply remark that the death of Sub-Indian Agent Wright, who was represented by General Lane, in debate in the House of Representatives, as being friendly to the Indians, was caused by an old grudge against him for attempting, before he was appointed Agent, to poison a whole band of Indians."

That this was not true is here shown. General Wool was prejudiced by some person or persons who gave him false information. The same stories were revived during the Modoc War of 1872-3, and the Canby massacre was made to be consequent upon Wright's alleged crime. But from the facts here given it is evident: first, that the Modocs required no provocation to commit massacres; second, that Wright gave them no such provocation; and third, that if he had, the fact of his death at the hands of another and distant tribe at the beginning of a great uprising could have nothing to do with it. It is only meet that justice should be done: and here upon this page let us record a verdict in favor of our Knight of the Frontier, who, so far as we know, always labored in the cause of humanity.

FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

THE SORROW.

In summer-time the poet 'mid the grasses
And mild-eyed flowers lay;
For many hours he watched the snow-white masses
Over the blue sky stray.

With tender eyes his glance on hill-side rested,
Where swayed the field of yellow grain,
And o'er his face a sad, sweet smile attested
To love of all things, dashed with pain.

Oh, happy clouds by helping winds attended,
 Sweet grasses, flowers, and golden grain,
 By you the lesson has been apprehended—
 Wisdom and love in you unite again.

A wandering wind, no happy cloud attending;
 Clear thoughts, but lips untouched by fire:
 Such, Love, before thee I am lowly bending—
 Stretch out, and grant my heart's desire.

No wide-eyed little one in bosom nestling,
 Of comfort taking, giving more;
 No sturdy boys in gleesome spirit wrestling;
 No tales to tell of childhood's lore;

No wife, whose tender life with mine uniting
 Makes each completer than alone;
 No low-voiced daughters, loving, thought-exciting—
 Oh, nothing can for these atone!

Yet still, all lovely things on earth appealing
 To wisest action for the good,
 Tell me that, in its own fair time revealing,
 The darkness will be understood.

B. R. WALL.

THE WILDS OF THE DARIEN.—II.

Having failed to reach Cana by the Tuyero River, we concluded to try the land route. Captain David—who was our leading and best man, and who had been over the land route several times—and another named Fio, whom David was anxious for us to get, as he knew the road better than anybody else, and whose indispensable services we succeeded, after much trouble, in obtaining, went in advance, in order to find and open the way. As that was likely to be slow work, the remainder of the party did not follow for several days. Soon after they left I had an attack of brain-fever, probably induced by exposure to the sun on the river. Fortunately, however, it soon exhausted itself, and, in a few days, I was up and around, but, like the organ attacked, rather weak, and consequently unable to go on. Reede and Deane were compelled to start without me. They took

four men as packers, and after many mutual regrets at thus parting, they started on the route three days subsequent to the departure of the *picadores*. Three days after, Frio returned, and reported difficulties in the way, and that he was sick. On the eleventh day after starting, all the others came straggling in, like the remnant of a defeated army, and reported that they had failed to find their way, and had met with many difficulties and hardships, which their appearance sufficiently indicated. Mr. Reede and Mr. Deane were both lame, and the latter had been sick. "*Caballo viejo*," ("Old Hoss," as he delighted to call himself) who had been with us on the river trip, was the last to come in.

The entire party looked like a penny's-worth of soap after a hard day's wash—pretty well used up.

I, of course, was very sorry, and sadly disappointed. I immediately set to work to get up another party, as it would not do to give it up so. In the meantime, Mr. Reede was taken ill with fever, induced, undoubtedly, by the hardships he had undergone. This was truly unfortunate, and we lamented it the more as we would have to go on without him. He was to go to Panama to recuperate his physical and our dilapidated financial condition.

Mr. Deane having returned from Chigana, where he had been to see his family, expressed a willingness to accompany us with one of his men. We were truly rejoiced, as he was not only experienced in wood-life, having been long engaged in getting caoutchouc, but was also intelligent, energetic, and persevering. A better companion could not have been desired or found. With his aid we succeeded in raising a party of four men. One of the number was the reliable and experienced guide, Fio; and his consenting to try it again induced another, who had been over the route many years since, to join us. So we congratulated ourselves on having two good guides.

The party, all made up, was ready to start bright and early the next morning, when one of the men who had been on the Reede trip concluded, just as we were ready to start, that he would not try it again. What should we do? Four men were absolutely necessary—there ought to be five. In this perplexity a friend came to our relief by furnishing a good man; for be it known that the peon system prevails here.

We started with many regrets at leaving Mr. Reede, (who was convalescing) many misgivings as to the result of the trip, and some hope to sustain us, taking the bush on the 11th March.

We were not long on the route before realizing our misgivings as to strength to endure the toil of travel. The fever had told on us. We toiled on nevertheless, dragging one wearied limb after its wearied mate—the perspiration streaming from our enfeebled bodies, and drenching our garments. Hope faltered with failing strength. We reeled and

blundered along—tripping, stumbling; grasping friendly bushes to sustain us, and some not so friendly, whose long, needle-pointed thorns penetrated the hand before it reached the parent growth. We toiled on, however, with remaining strength, and hoped to reach the promised place of encampment. Weary at heart, exhausted in body, and disconsolate in mind, we could find no pleasure in those wilds, although the birds were sending forth their sweetest melodies, and the ground was strewn with fallen flowers. We tottered on, and looking down a hill, saw with joy inexpressible the long-looked-for camp for the night, on the bank of a pretty little stream. On reaching it, we removed our garments and took a luxurious and refreshing bath.

Having started without meat, further than some cooked for lunch that day, the guides went out, and soon returned with a fine, fat wild-hog.

The following day we had a practical demonstration of the knowledge and efficiency of our guides. Thus far we had simply followed the trail cut by the preceding party, and in the old road. The guides chose to leave this, and cut a more direct and better one, as they assured us; although Mr. Deane told them the one we were on was quite direct, and a good route. Fio stubbornly insisted on having his own way, if he was to be a guide. We yielded, and were led up and down hills, got into impassable places, and were compelled to retrace our weary steps, until as nearly exhausted in strength as in patience. The guides were evidently lost, and changed the course with the hope of finding the rejected trail, but without success. There we were, with not a very encouraging situation for the present, and a very doubtful prospect for the future. But in our extremity the "emergency man" (furnished us in our perplexity just before starting) came to our aid. He had been in those parts before, gathering caoutchouc—knew where we were, and how to get us out of the difficulty—which he did. With confidence in the guides much diminished, we proceeded; and finally, on the fourth day after leaving Pinegana, reached the last camp of the former party (on the di-

rect route). Here our misgivings as to the knowledge and efficiency of the guides increased. Having gone up the Croupe River as far as practicable, they were unable to find the proper place to leave it, and wanted to turn back and take a course similar to that pursued by the lost party. A kind Providence here came to our aid in a singular and unusual manner. On the preceding night, just before going to sleep, a vivid impression was made on my brain. I saw a large rock, and a large old log near it. The impression was so vivid that I told Mr. Deane of it. In our perplexity that afternoon, when Fio was intent on turning back, Mr. Deane and I proceeded up the river a short distance, when the identical rock and the old log stood out before us as perfect as if we had been there before, and had seen them with our open visual organs! Pleasantly surprised, I commenced looking for the old road, and soon found some evidence of it. Mr. Deane, who, in the meantime, had become separated from me, soon commenced calling me. I was too intent, however, on looking for the trail to heed him; but when I did finally go to him, was still more surprised at the object pointed out to me. It was a white, circular spot, on the dark face of the rock, in the center of which was a plain and well-defined head and bust of a fine-looking, bearded man, with animate expression, pointing the right hand in the direction we sought to go. I flattered myself that it was my own likeness, and a pretty fair one, but was soon relieved of that egotistical delusion; for when I asked Mr. Deane whom he thought it looked like, he promptly replied: "*Espirito Santo.*"

His man Paulino came up to tell us that the guides were now satisfied that the proper place to leave the river had been found, and had gone back a short distance to camp for the night. He and Mr. Deane then went up to see the singular phenomenon, and, as might have been supposed, it was gone—nothing but a white patch of lichen, and the dark rock in the center forming the picture!

The next morning we directed our course for the Paca River. As we progressed, we were not altogether satisfied with the direc-

tion taken, yet disliked to interfere with the guides, as they appeared to know where they were. We reached the river sooner than we expected, but not in the proper place to cross it. Our guides told us there was but one place to cross, and that that was well-known by certain trees. We urged them to go up the river until the place was found; but they would not go a step in that direction, insisting that the road was below, and not above. So down the river they went, but soon returned with an unpleasant and unfavorable report. Fio had met with two falls, both unlooked-for—one of the river, the other of his amiable self—and in consequence he was more stubborn than ever. We succeeded, with difficulty, in making a compromise with him in the morning, by taking the medium course between those our respective opinions inclined us to follow, and crossed the river there in the hope of falling in with the road, which he was sure lay below. We soon commenced ascending the ridge he thought might be the one sought for. This was encouraging—and as we proceeded, still more so, for the ascent was as gentle and inviting as a woman's smile. Alas! we found it as delusive. We were invited on, and on we went, still encouraged with the delusive hope of reaching the summit. Obstacles and difficulties presented themselves; we overcame them. A false step would have lost all, and have landed us in the nether world. This frowning aspect being soon over, we were rewarded with a general, broad smile. The way is open and clear now—we can see the inviting reward. Yes, we are on the summit now!—not of bliss, nor yet of the mountain—no, it is but the projecting knees. Of course we are dissatisfied, and are not slow in showing it; but after dallying for a time in her coquettish lap, we are condoled and cajoled on; and on we go—up, up, up—Fio, sulky and discontented, "Never was treated dis way before; the old way was the best; ought to be on de top long ago." After many summits were thus surmounted, the summit is at last gained. We were high enough to satisfy the desire and ambition of any man. We looked down on the lower world, the sun-gilded forest in the

far distance, and paused to contemplate, and then take refreshment—lunch without water or other liquid. The pesky monkeys collected over our heads in the tree-tops, and, making sport of our forlorn situation, treated us with great indignity.

Well, what now? Why get down, of course—and down we go; not exactly the way we would have liked, but by the only one which appeared open to us. We were led gently down for a time—seeing a mountain on our left that should be on our right; but all would be right in the end. Murmuring waters now call us from below. We hasten down to quench our thirst, and get a sight of them: the road becomes too steep to walk, but we can slide. We find a little angry torrent (not the grand river we expected) dashing against and over the obstructing rocks—hastening onward to the bosom of its affianced. So, you little shrew, you have jilted us, too—we will see. We will follow you, and see your spouse. Down we went, clambering over rocks, boulders, and high banks; until, overtaken by night, we laid down on its banks, too weary and disappointed to take the usual ablution.

In the morning we hastened on, and were soon blessed with the sight of the long-sought Rio Grande. It did not look very grand, it is true—it was but a little dribbling stream in a large bed; but it could doubtless get up a grand demonstration when the occasion demanded it. But there need be no doubt of its identity—it could be no other—we had crossed the mountains, and that was the first stream after crossing. But, to quiet all doubts, we asked the reliable Fio, and he said it was the Rio Grande. We wanted to cross it, and go on to our journey's end that day; but as our guides were never in the habit of doing anything in a hurry, they would not depart from established custom, but must look for the proper crossing. We all went down the river, the opposite course to that we should have taken; but were not destined to go far. Mr. Deane and myself being in advance, soon found not only evidences of an old trail, (for there were bushes cut down) but an old stump of a tree, whose

body time and decay had destroyed—the old stump remaining to cheer us on our dubious way. We waited for the men to come up, to enjoy their surprise; but when they did come, the surprise they exhibited was anything but pleasurable. The stump was of a caoutchouc tree, and no one had ever cut caoutchouc on the Rio Grande. They left their packs, and started down the river to explore, and soon returned with the astounding intelligence that we were on a branch of the Paca, the river we had left the day before. Our fond delusion was dispelled, and we were left to reflection, and were not slow in coming to the conclusion that we were as big fools as any who had ever been cajoled, beguiled, and deluded.

Our "emergency man" once more came to our aid. He had been in this section before, and could take us to a caoutchouc camp on the main river. The guides hastened off, nor could we stop them. They said the old road was just two bends above said camp, and they hastened to it. We wanted them to look for the road that day; but no—they knew where they were—all would be right in the morning. The morning came, but no evidence of the trail was to be found, and the guides were forced to the conclusion that, after all, the road might be above our former encampment on this river. With this last hope, we proceeded up—and up it was—over rocks, boulders, rapids, falls, and mountains. Having come to a place where the perpendicular walls forbade us to pass, and the deep true-blue waters assured us we could not, we were again all in a quandary. Finally the men ventured up and along a shelving point, and passed out of sight. We were encouraged to venture up. Mr. Deane and I commenced the perilous ascent; pulling, climbing, holding to rock, root, and shrub. I passed out of sight of Mr. Deane, and evidently beyond the deep waters and the place where the men went down, but I saw falls ahead of me that could not be passed by the bed of the river. I must get beyond them; to do so I clambered up the almost perpendicular face of the hills, with the greatest exertion, well-nigh exhausting

my remaining strength, and then crawled along a narrow shelf until stopped by forbidding walls before, above, and around. The men now commenced calling me from the opposite side of the river. I could not understand them—the roaring of the falls drowned their voices. I shouted at the top of my voice for Mr. Deane, and heard his welcome voice from below.

"What shall I do?" I asked.

"Go back—go back!" he replied.

Of course I must go back, as I could not go any other way; but how was it to be done? It had been all I could do to climb up there, and it was more dangerous, if not so difficult, to get down. My heart was failing me; but the effort must be made, even if it should result in a sacrifice; and back I crawled, succeeding beyond expectation in getting where the men and Mr. Deane had gone down, and then down I slid, safely and easily, to the welcome bed of the river, where Mr. Deane was awaiting me. I immediately entered into an examination of person and effects, with the following result: the string of my compass around my neck; the lining of my hat around my brow; my unmentionables rent in a sad way, and in an unmentionable place. My rifle had not gone off, as it might have done, but like a true friend, that could not help himself, remained firmly strapped to my back.

A look upward to the place where I had been suspended did not tend to quiet the heart's commotion. The only consolation afforded by the sight was, that had I fallen, the distance was amply sufficient to have allowed me time to repent of my many sins before reaching the bottom. The men were calling me from the other side of the mountain, but why call? How could I get up, much less climb up, there. I must go, however; and upon trial found my success greater than I could have expected. I climbed up not only the first, but many succeeding hills, until late in the day, when we struck our old delusive trail, and trailed it down to the camp of three days previous. We had completely boxed the compass.

The caoutchouc camp we passed below

was the last camp of the former party. When they found it, they found they were lost and far out of the way, and it was then Mr. Reede came to the sensible conclusion of returning. But as I am, as a general thing, innocent of doing sensible things, I must needs try to go on. I thought I knew the way to Cana, and must go there.

In the morning we were up betimes, but found it difficult to get the men up, and after much delay were told that the guides would go no farther. They were willing, however, to go without packs and look for the crossing. At their leisure they came back and reported; but, as they had never yet made a favorable report, we were not disposed to trust them then, and as we were measurably certain that the place sought for was above, could see no reason for further delay. Fio had, the day before, fallen down the bank and run his little bullet-head under a root, coming near breaking his neck. He was sore in consequence, and more sulky than ever. I expressed my condolence; was very sorry, quite as much as if he had broken his neck—probably more so. The stubborn creature was not to be soothed by kindness, and the question of supremacy had to be settled otherwise. The issue between this stupid, stubborn, chuckle-headed, monkey-faced negro and my amiable self was speedily settled. We did not swear—I hardly ever do when away from home—although I think the occasion would have justified it, if it is ever justifiable. I merely told him to take up his pack and march. He packed up and marched. The question was settled, as it ever must be when arising between the two races, by Ham obeying Shem, simply by the force of will, not muscle.

We proceeded up the river, and went much farther than we expected, but, as the guides delayed, the distance appeared greater than it really was. Fio now determined to go no farther. He fortified and consoled himself with the reflection that I could do no more than shoot him, and that would be preferable to going farther. The guides had heard the wail of a bad spirit three days previous, and were determined to heed the warning and

turn back. Just at this unfavorable juncture of affairs, our "emergency man who," had gone off after game, raised a shout, and when the cause was ascertained we all shouted. He had found the road, the old crossing; there was the identical, well-known tree—no mistake now. No more doubting, no more desponding, no more turning back now; we would be in Cana the next day. The guides went cheerfully forward to open the road while we encamped. They returned and reported all right. I had no ill-feeling toward Fio now, and would have been truly sorry if he had fallen again. I patted Merchido on the back, and told him he was "*buen hombre*," and promised him a liberal reward if I reached Cana the next day.

We are taught to believe that no one knoweth what the morrow will bring forth. We had a sad realization of this truth on the eventful day that promised so much. We started betimes, and without breakfast; the men having forgotten to bring in the game shot the day before, owing to the excitement caused by finding the road. We were without meat for the first time, but did not mind the deprivation, as we would be on the Rio Grande in a few hours, where we could shoot game, and have an abundant repast.

So off we started, with hope to cheer the way and lighten our steps. Mr. Deane was sick that morning, for the first time on the present trip, but felt satisfied that the short distance to be traveled would be no detriment to him. As the guides had to open the road, we proceeded slowly up the mountain, resting frequently. We were a long time thus toiling on, for it was a high mountain, not unlike "Mount Delusion." We soon overtook them, and found them disconcerted. It was not the "*cuchillo*" looked for. We were not on the right road.

They turned back, and looked in every direction. We followed for a time, and then determined to remain where we were until they succeeded in finding the right trail, which we thought they would soon do, as they were confident they started right in the morning. At last we got impatient at the long delay and absence of the guides, and

started back on the trail to find them, leaving the two men with their packs behind, to come up when we were sure of being on the right road, and thus be saved the unnecessary labor of packing their heavy burdens hither and thither. As Mr. Deane was weak, and required rest, we laid down. After remaining a long time without tidings from the guides, I determined to take him to camp and water. I called for the men we had left behind, but received no answer. I called again at the top of my voice, with the same result. I went back to where we left them, but they had mysteriously disappeared. I returned to Mr. Deane, yelled and shouted again, but no response. Then I went back again, with the hope of finding the trail on which they had so unaccountably disappeared, but failed to find any sign: returned to my sick friend disheartened, and with painful misgivings. What could all this mean? We had full confidence in the men we left behind, yet they were gone; they could not have passed down the trail without falling in with us. We did not care if the guides, in whom we had lost all confidence, had gone to Tophet, or any other suitable place; but the two faithful men we could not do without, as they had all our provisions, blankets, ammunition, and even matches. We would be likely to perish before we could reach the settlement; but we must retrace our steps, nevertheless. We went back, sick and sorrowful, to the camp we had left with so much joy and hope in the morning. Sadly and slowly we went down, and found the descent, burdened as we were with sad misgivings, more toilsome and difficult than we had found the ascent when buoyed with hope. We did not go far before we came up with the guides, comfortably seated; and were, in spite of all ill-feeling toward them, glad to see them again. Not long after, we were truly rejoiced to meet the faithful packers. They had been all the way back to camp, and, failing to find us, were returning, with the packs still on their backs, to continue their search. When questioned as to how they had got to camp, their reply was as simple as it was astound-

ing—"They had gone down the trail." It will ever remain a profound mystery how they could have passed without either party being seen, for although we were lying down, we were not more than five paces from the trail, and should surely have heard them, if in possession of our sense of hearing.

We reached camp, and, for the first time, despaired of entering our promised land, as our provisions were nearly exhausted. We sent out the guides the next morning to see if they could find the way; but, as we had no confidence or hope of good resulting from anything they might do, we sent Paulino with them. After having been gone all day, we were not disappointed on their return to learn, from their silence, of their failure. They were unusually active in drying meat for the return trip. On the following morning I tried to bribe Merahilio, by a promise of money, to go on with us. No, he would not. I tried them all, and found Paulino alone willing to stay. Even the "emergency man" failed us; so back we must go.

We arrived in Pinegana in less than three days, after an absence of fourteen. Nothing occurred on our return trip worthy of note. Fio had another fall, but as it failed to break his obdurate neck, we can only record it as another disappointment.

In my illness and idleness, I had time and opportunity to note the condition of the people inhabiting this district. They are mostly of African descent, liberated from slavery within the last half century; and, inasmuch as the humanitarian world has made their race an object of especial care and much philanthropic love, it may be well to note the effect of liberty upon them.

Those who are deeply "dyed in the wool" are a hardy, healthy, happy race. Those of lighter dip—the mongrel stock, and they predominate, (the more healthy and prolific negro having overrun and absorbed the subjugated Indian, the Spaniard, and all who, unfortunately, have fallen in their way) are feeble, sickly, and discontented. The cross with the Indian appears, physically, less determined than with the Caucasian; but the psychological change, so apparent, is a sad

one. The exalted, independent, noble-spirited Indian is sunk in the sensual, ignoble, debased negro.

They were once slaves, and are now free, and they enjoy the glorious prerogative in a way peculiar to themselves. The climate is peculiarly suited to the race. They enjoy it, and are happy—a negro paradise, with no forbidden fruit that I know of.

They neither marry nor are given in marriage. They are as free from the bonds of matrimony as from all other bonds, and are at liberty to have as much domestic felicity as they choose—just as many women as they can get. And, singularly enough, the women don't object to the plurality, but do all that women can to make their lords happy. There is but little domestic discord; probably owing to the fact that the ties that bind them together are but the feeble ones of mutual consent, which they are careful not to loosen. If the woman should prove obstreperous, or show a want of attention or affection, the man flails her, and in this way fans the feeble embers of affection into a blaze of love. The women enjoy no social privileges. They are not even allowed to sit or eat with the men.

They are industrious, whether actuated by pleasure or necessity. Their saint-days are all devoted to pleasure, and are so numerous that there are few others left, but those few necessity compels them to devote to labor; for, although nature has furnished them her products probably in sufficient quantity to satisfy the demands of nature, yet their vices and their religion (singular companions!) unfortunately demand large contributions. Their love of stimulants, in the shape of spirits, tobacco, and gambling, costs them not only much toil, but their liberty.

Like all happy people, they are fond of dancing; nor does it require harmonious or enlivening music to put them in motion: the thumping of the hand on a kind of drum, or as they call it, tamborine, is all-sufficient, and they will keep up the thumping and dancing all night: the women with a peculiar swinging motion of the arms, and wriggling of the body; the men with more leg-motion and activity. Both male and female, on such

occasions, are wont to get intoxicated, and very affectionate. They go about their labor clothed almost entirely in their birth-day suits—the men with nothing on but a rag, less than the size of a fig-leaf; the women with the same, only larger, wound around their hips. They bathe and wash in the river a great deal—a refreshing practice in a hot climate—nor are they squeamish or particular about exposing their persons.

They can't dance always, however. They must work and pay the fiddler. Gathering caoutchouc is a hard life—one of exposure and toil. They are compelled to seek it in the remote forests. Husbandry is hard work here, yet necessity compels them to provide food. Nature proclaims and maintains her supremacy in most parts, defying the efforts of man to subdue her redundant products. The small portion of ground that is cleared with great labor for seed, has to be kept clear by unremitting toil; otherwise the hardy and more prolific indigenous growth will reclaim it: thus keeping up a constant contest between nature and man.

I have said that their vices cost them their liberty. This is simply a truism, and applies to all mankind. All are enslaved by vice that yield to it, but this unfortunate race sell their birthright for less than Esau did. Although a Christian philanthropy set them free, they have returned to their servitude, as the hog does to the mire. The peon system prevails, and there are but few who have not fallen into it. Indeed, they do not think enough of themselves to be their own owners. They prefer to belong to any one who will minister to their sensuality. It takes but little "*anisado*" (the cheapest of strong drinks) to buy their liberty, and keep them in servitude. The peons are compelled to work for their patrons, and to give them the product of their labors, yet they have their families to provide for. The patron makes no provision for the sick, or those disabled in service. They are bought and sold like any other commodity, and are generally held in the bonds of slavery throughout their lives; and, when liberated by death, are lamented just to the extent of the indebtedness.

They have their elections, the same as in the United States of America; but generally seek to gain possession of the spoils by the aid of revolutions, and they are interminable. They pay but little attention to the elections, knowing that the result must be determined by revolution. I witnessed one election, and was interested to see the result. It took place here in Chipegana, on a Sabbath morning. The old *padre* having said mass, for the first time in a long interval of dissipation, and furnished tickets, hauled out the ballot-box, and proceeded to the place of election at the house of the *corregidor*. The clerk subsequently, in answer to my inquiry, told me it was an election for president; that there were three hundred votes polled—all for one man. There were not at that time, probably, thirty men in town, and of that number not half a dozen were induced to vote. The clerk also told me that those who did vote did so with a reservation that was commendable. They said:

"Here is the paper you gave me; I don't know what it is for, and don't want to be responsible for it."

This is the way the free, sovereign citizens maintain a free republican government; nor do I see that there is less wisdom or patriotism here, than among the same class in the United States, and the controlling influences are not dissimilar. In the latter country, the clique, caucus, convention, and corrupting appliances generally, determine the result. The "sovereign people," however, in their vanity, are satisfied that they have done it all, and are maintaining the free republican government bequeathed them by their patriotic sires. The priest here, the clique there; a hierarchy here, and oligarchy there.

These people, in common with all mankind, are devotional. The Roman Catholic church has entire control over them—a profitable monopoly; as instance the innumerable churches, monasteries, chapels and cathedrals in Panama, covering nearly as much ground, and costing probably, quite as much money, as all the other buildings put together. And it is the same throughout all Catholic North, Central, and South

America. These poor souls, having a commendable fear of the devil, are willing to pay liberally to have him appeased, and devote the greater portion of their substance to this object. Not having sufficient confidence in themselves, or the assurance to look to the Creator and Dispenser of all good, they depend entirely on the intercession and offices of the priesthood: who, they are taught to believe, will, (if paid for it) intercede in their behalf with the saints; they will intercede with the Virgin, she with Christ, and he with the Father. Consequently the priests and saints claim their entire devotion; and, singularly enough, although they see and know that the priests are generally more depraved and wicked than themselves, yet, as their office is a holy one, they bow in abject obedience to them.

It is useless to attempt to reason with them, or to point out the errors in their fixed faith. I have known a very able and zealous reasoner confounded by their simple statement, which was not only conclusive, but at the same time a pathetic appeal to Christian philanthropy—"We know no other."

They keep all the saint-days, which are innumerable, requiring a trained priesthood to instruct them in the time and manner of their observance. They wear about their necks amulets or charms to protect them from harm and the Evil One. Being very superstitious, these doubtless do good by allaying fear, if nothing more. Indeed, I have known them to be of positive service in guarding a person from harm—no less a person than the writer, who was traveling through Mexico.

I had set out alone, against the entreaties and remonstrances of friends, on the road leading out of the great city of the Montezumas to Acapulco. While ascending the mountain which surrounds the basin, I was stopped by the friendly natives, and told there was a band of robbers on the road ahead. There were three persons, who, like myself, had been thus stopped from proceed-

ing on their journey. Their business, though urgent, (carrying a dispatch) would not authorize them to venture farther. I asked if there was not some way to get round the robbers? Yes, but it was difficult and dangerous, and they would not attempt it. I offered to pay them handsomely if they would go with me. No, they would not think of it. However, after going aside and holding a council, they returned and asked me if I was a Catholic? I had on my breast my wife's miniature, and a Catholic medal which a friend and devout Catholic had given me, and insisted on my wearing, while passing through Mexico, at least. I showed them the face of the Virgin, (my wife's) and the medal. They were satisfied, fortunately, without my saying a word, and at once accompanied me on the circuitous and difficult route by which we circumvented the robbers.

I have known them to offer a saint a definite quantity of wax to be relieved from a painful infirmity, and after the saint had performed the cure, which they were free to acknowledge, they would cheat the sainted *medico* out of his fee. Old Franco, as pious as he really was, did this. I often remind him of it; but he has not paid the wax yet, and I don't believe he ever will until he pays the debt of nature; and then, I tell him, they will "wax" him soundly.

After all, the Catholic religion, or form of worship, is probably the only one that would suit these African people, as it appeals to their physical and not to their spiritual nature. They can see, feel, and hear this religion. There are the relics, the saints, devils, and angels, all pictured before them. Then, the never-ending ringing of bells, reminds them of the Evil One's near approach—and I am sure no one can fail to be impressed with this fact, particularly if unwell, or in want of rest or quiet, or if he desires to think. The interminable, intolerable ringing of bells will put the devil in his mind in spite of himself.

O. M. WOZENCRAFT.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

AWAY DOWN EAST.

"Kin this lady git ashore from here, if she comes on board?" we heard the voice of the native demand.

I went to the gangway, as our quartermaster replied in the affirmative, to see something between six and seven feet of solid flesh, in petticoats, unfolding itself from the stern-sheets of a small dory. When at last she stood full-length on deck, I reached somewhere about her waist, which, like the rest of her person, was large.

"I am Mrs. Young," she said, "and your'e the Capting's wife, now haint you? Well, and this is a government ship! Now, haint it handsome? You must take a sight of solid comfort, I guess."

Here she encountered the Captain, who, though a "well-grown laddie," was, to use the vernacular, nowhere.

"Waal," she continued to him, "here I am, and I brought your wife a bokay. I belong in a government vessel, too; leastwise not a ship, but a institution. I'm just home from the Insane 'Sylum to Auguster; been there six times, and now I'm goin' back er my own free-will to take a position." What position, she did not explain.

Suddenly turning about, and facing the Captain's top lock of hair, she said to him:

"Republican or Democrat? Not's it makes much matter, so you're good; but I'm not a Republican, and never has been since Abe Lincoln's time. I never took no stock in Abe Lincoln; if he'd er been to prayer-meetin' when the country was runnin' with blood, he'd never er got killed in a theater—that stands to reason, now don't it? Moreover, I bl'eve in freedom; been shut up myself, so I know what I'm talkin' about. Stands to reason I do, now don't it? But I do think, and I say, Abe Lincoln better not a gone to work and fout and shed blood to set a lot of people free as haint able to take care of themselves. I bl'eve in edica-

tion every time. Teach 'em to take care uv themselves, and set 'em free gradially—that's the way. It stands to reason, now don't it?"

Here a wild glare showed itself in her eye; and, to create a diversion, she was asked below to inspect the cabin, on reaching which, she exclaimed:

"Waal, now, haint it handsome! I'd take a sight of comfort here—more'n I do to Auguster. And you sail round? Waal, that's just what I'd admire."

Seeing the table set, she continued:

"You haint had your supper yet, and nigh six! Waal," (when I explained that we dined at six) "them's as can eat their dinners this time er night may. I like mine on the stroke of twelve."

My state-room was a world of delight to our giantess. She established herself on my lounge beside me, and in the midst of a dissertation on the pictures and bric-a-brac, turned round and fairly hissed in my ear:

"Be you a Christian?"

In fear and trembling, I stammered that I hoped so.

"You hadn't oughter," she said; "hope aint nothin' to hold on to—now is it? Be sure; 'cause I tell you no man haint to be depended on—not the best of um; and when everything and everybody fails you—when even your own husband, as had oughter take care of you, and stand up for you—and he oughter—stands to reason, now don't it?—when he stands from under, why then cling to Jesus! That's all—cling to Jesus!"

Here she made a grab in the air, flinging her great arms up over her head. "Now," thought I, "my time has come. This is her very particular insanity, I'm sure." But while I thought, she calmed down, and in the gentlest of voices, asked me to dine with her the next day, and at the same time put the question:

"Where'd you come from?"

When I told her "Washington," she said: "Not the Territory, sure, 'mong the Injuns—now did you?"

"No," I explained, "the capital."

"Waal," she kept on, "you is used to high society, now haint you? Seen President Hayes?"

"Yes."

"An' his wife?"

"Yes."

"She haint no wine-drinker, now is she? And if she tuck a stand, you can, and I can! Now I tell you, wine makes more'n half the trouble in the world. No woman haint safe with no man after he has two or three drinks inside uv him; he can't help kissin' uv her, now can he? Stands to reason he can't, now don't it? More'n half the men's ruined by licker: not as that's the matter with Oliver Young—that's my husband—'taint licker; its somethin' else: and 'tween you an' me, I haint on none uv the best terms with him, shure's the world; he don't do right; he don't give me 's much money as I'd oughter have, seemin' as I brought him all the land down to the Neck, and six thousand five hundred and fifty dollars beside. He can't tech the land, nor he can't sell it, and he wont never do it; and what's more, he needn't think, by keepin' me shut up in the 'sylum, he'll ever git me to git a divorce. Not a bit of it. I haint been livin' with him reg'lar for many a long day, and I don't never mean to agin, not if I know it; but he's not a-goin' to get a chance to marry agin; an' the reason why, 'tween you 'n' me, I haint in the market—there haint no man livin' I'd marry; and" (a gleam of sanity) "maybe if I was, nobody wouldn't want me—but that haint here nor there. Oliver Young's bought his pig, an' now he's got to keep it—that's fair, now, haint it? An' I'm better and stronger now nor I ever was in my life, and I'm nigher fifty nor forty, but my folks lives ages—they're powerful long-lived people, 'cept my brother that drowned himself. Guess Oliver Young'd be glad enough if I'd jump off the dock, too; but I haint that crazy. Never was crazy, any more'n you; just narvous; an' 'tween you 'n' me, half the people put in the 'sylums is put there, not 'cause there's any

need, but 'cause their husbands is tired of 'em, and wants to try a new departure—that stands to reason, now don't it! But I guess as how I'll be goin'. I'll expect to see you to dinner to-morrow, and my heart's real set on yer comin'. Come early and spend the day, and bring yer work."

And the darkness swallowed even her gigantic form, as two stalwart sailors rowed her ashore.

Two days' steady, pitiless rain kept us "below" with books and paint-brushes, cards and music, to make us forget the swimming decks and dismal coast, faintly outlined by cold, black rocks. I thought my friend had forgotten me, but when the sun made his appearance, the Captain came from the village with the news that Mrs. Young's daughter was coming off to call, and I was expect ed to return with her to tea, at six. Later, a quiet-looking girl about fourteen, with a girl friend, came shyly into the cabin, answered in a pleasant voice the questions I asked her, and seemed wonderfully pleased and interested with all she saw. I was painting when they came, and went on with my work, in which *they* saw a marvel of skill and beauty. Finally, after a little silence, she remarked.

"Did you notice anything queer about mother when she came here? Sometimes she is very quiet, and behaves nicely as any lady, as long as she is visiting; but when she gets home she's mighty wild. She's mighty wild to-day, but she counts on your coming. She likes you, but she don't like father. She gets mad at him all the time; and she's so strong when she's mad, she just lifts up her foot and slams a door through quick as look at it. She did this morning; but if you come she'll be all right. Wont you please come?"

Making myself ready at once, I went; and walking through the fields in the fresh, clear air of a bracing fall afternoon, restored some of my drooping courage. Lizzie Young walked quietly on, with her eyes downcast, and an evident dread of going back to "mother." Poor child, to be so full of care!

"Our house isn't like your ship," she said. "I like pretty things, but mother pulls things

down and destroys 'em fast's I put 'em up, and my hired girl she's only two years older'n I am; so don't think strange if things aint quite like you've been used to."

"Mother" met us at the door all smiles; took me at once in the best room, having about it, lingering odor of funerals and family parties, but bright with a little window-garden, where geraniums and ivy flourished in spite of mother.

"Well, I'm real proud to see you. Sit down, and take off your hat, and I'll show you my cabinet and mineral specimens. I'm real fond of rocks and sech things. Governor Davis—do you know Governor Davis?—he gave me this kortz," (quartz) "and this; and this here one come from the West Injies—ever been there? This here is a deceased foot uv an Injin; no, not deceased, but somethin' like that."

"Petrified," I suggested.

"That's it! Now edication's good, stands to reason, don't it? You know'd that word without stoppin' to think. Have you ever shook hands with the President and his wife? Well, you do move in high society, now don't you—and I don't wonder. Seems to me if I was the President's wife I'd want you to come, if you was deaf and dumb, and jest stand round to set the room off, kinder. You're about the right size, now haint you? I used to want to be small when I was young, but now I'm glad I'm tall. I'm goin' back to the 'sylum to nurse, and when I see anything goin' wrong I kin right it. When them sassy girls don't do right by the patients, I don't stop to speak with 'em but once. Last time Mary Flood answered me back, I picked her up by the neck and lifted her down-stairs, and put her out of the door; that's the way to serve 'em, now haint it? Come in my room, and I'll show you some of the things I bought to take back to them poor souls."

Her room looked like a bazar; try to fancy toys, tools, wools, hymn-books, song-books, testaments by the dozen, and in among them all lay a battered, half-dressed doll-baby.

"Oh, you're a-lookin' at that baby," she

remarked. "Well, there's a real sad story 'bout that. I guess I'll keep it as long as I live. When I first went to the 'sylum, there was an old maid there; she was down 'mong the poorest patients; she had been there fifteen years; seems like her folks had forgot her. She was just sad and gentle-like. Some said she was mournin' for her young man; he got drowned. Then she didn't take no intruss, and they put her in the 'sylum. Well, she was weak-like, 'cause they don't live none too well in the poor ward, and seems like she took to me, and I used to stand up for her, and I gave her knitting-work to 'muse her, and I'd sing to her. So one day, 'fore I came home last time 'fore this, I hired a team and took her driving. Her name was Silvey Liston—think Silvey's a pretty name? Well, she hadn't been outside the exercise-grounds in all them years. So when I took her to a toy-shop, and she saw all the things, she just laughed ('twas the first time I ever see Silvey laugh since she been there) out loud. When she see this baby, she took it in her arms, and kep' askin' if she might have it. Well, she didn't have but fifty cents, and the doll cost a dollar, but I made up the rest, and she did love that baby! 'Tawn't never out of her arms, an' she an old maid! She dressed it so nice; took a whole bottle of purple ink to dye a piece of her blanket to make it a pretty colored petticoat. Well, that was more'n three years ago, 'n' I came home and staid a spell; but I can't abide Oliver Young, so I got kind uv nervous, and back I went. Waal, first time I see Silvey she did look powerful bad, 'n' sure 'nough she warn't long 'fore she died. An' she kept the baby in her bed, an' when she was pretty far gone, said she: 'Eunice, you'll mind the baby always now, won't you?' 'N' then she didn't say no more, but she held the baby close 'longside uv her cheek; 'n' her an old maid. Seems like a pity she couldn't hev hed her man, but Lord knows I'd fur ruther think 'bout Oliver Young dead, than be with him livin'. My children's good, though: Sissie's a real smart girl; and Frank Osgood, (that's my son) he's as good a boy as you'll find, 'n' he don't take after his father, neither. Oliver

Young he's three inches taller nor me, and he weighs nigh a hundred pounds more, but I could lick him every time if it came to blows, and I thank the Lord I ken, cause I don't like him fer nothin'. 'N' less your real fond of a man, 'taint no pleasure in life to live with him—now is it? An' I don't bl'eve the Lord calls me to go on livin' here any longer. I know I ken do good in the 'sylum; that's my work, and I'm a goin' to do it. Sissie she's real fond of her father; and she 'n' Miss White, that's the hired girl, they keep house real nice. But the tea's ready; now do come in and sit down, if so be you ken find anything you like, an' then we'll go to meetin'."

After a nice "tea" of chicken flanked with light biscuit, and cakes various and many, my hostess and I sallied forth alone in the white moonlight to walk a mile up the road to "meetin'." Sissie stayed at home "to help Miss White clear up: 'cause she's real tired, an' I couldn't rightly enjoy meetin' if I was to leave her," said the child.

"Meetin'" clock was half an hour slower than Mrs. Young's, so we sat in the bald little room, whose sole ornament was "Centenary, 1780-1880," in green letters over the pulpit, on which rested a highly-colored chromo of a female in a square-necked dress clinging to a very small cross in a very big sea.

Gradually one or two people creaked in, filling the seats behind us. At last the door swung back with its peculiar groan, and the leader walked up the aisle, and took his seat at a small table below the pulpit. Before he was well seated, I saw his jaw move, and thought he was going at once to work; but no, the silence remained unbroken. I gazed fascinated; and in a moment it began again, and lasted perhaps as long as it takes a door to open and close. The leader's face was impressive, having this peculiar movement which set his lower lip in motion and kept it wagging. As I sat and watched him, the conviction grew upon me that he and the door were in some way connected. Every few minutes, "ur-ur-ur-ur" went the door, and at the same moment wag, wag, wag went the

leader's lower lip. I'm sure that if I went every night to "meetin'," and listened to that door, I should wag in sympathy. The leader had, however, a sweet voice, and the hymns which were sung at "opening" were very sweetly given. Four "sisters" sat in a pew about the center of the room, and raised the tunes. They were ably seconded by a great, burly man, well past middle-age, who sat in front of them and held a lamp, on the other side of which, and at arm's-length, he held his book.

After the song and prayer, and a very sweet one from the leader, (if only his jaw hadn't wagged) one and another of the brothers and sisters rose and gave their "sperience." One old man, nearer one hundred than ninety, said:

"Sixty-seven years since I first rose in meetin'. I praise the Lord now I'm old, but I'm ready waitin' and watchin' for him to come. Yes, I wasn't any too young when I experienced religion. Now, praise the Lord, I'm ready and waitin'; lamp trimmed, and a-burnin'."

His voice was so feeble, and his utterance so indistinct, that more than half he said was a dead loss to the "meetin'."

And now my giantess rose, and lifted her voice in the two verses of "I walk through the valley," after which she talked long and earnestly: pleading for the prayers of her brethren with real pathos; telling them of the field of her usefulness that she saw before her in that sink of wickedness, the 'sylum. Then after more music, and a prayer and short address, "meetin'" was over, and we went out again into the beauty of the moonlit fields.

Said my giantess, before we parted:

"Do you know I've taken such a shine to you as I don't often take to nobody. You're real handsome and you're real easy, if you is used to high society, and I want you to write to me when I go back to the 'sylum. I admire to hear from you, cause I likes what's sensible—that stands to reason, now don't it?"

To the Captain, she said:

"Pray to the Lord day and night, and

you'll be a deal safer when you're on the seas, nor what you would be if you didn't pray. If he looks out for you there hain't no gale as kin knock you off your bogtrotters, nor bust your anchor-chains; that stands to reason, now don't it? And he must have loved you to give you such a wife, 'cause

she's real sweet, and you're lucky enough —now haint you?"

And "mother" went into the house, when we heard her ask:

"An' that Oliver Young, where's he to, this time? Not as I care, but he wasn't to meetin'."

E. A.

NOTE BOOK.

MR. D. O. MILLS has presented the University of California with seventy-five thousand dollars to endow a Chair of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy. This munificent gift comes at a seasonable time. There has been some feeling naturally aroused by the changes which have been made lately; and there have not been wanting those who asserted that the institution was going to the "bow-wows," never to return. No more forcible rebuke could be administered to these malcontents than that contained in the confidence which induces a leading citizen to make such a donation. It is an open proclamation that the future of the University is such, that men of discernment to foresee and culture to appreciate believe in its coming greatness, and give of their wealth to hasten its advent. From every point of view the gift of Mr. Mills is something which every Californian has occasion to regard with gratification. It has been usual to reproach the rich men of the State with feeling none of the responsibilities of wealth—with being indifferent to the higher purposes of society. We have been rapidly acquiring the reputation of being entirely devoted to material ends, and of caring nothing for that higher intellectual and moral culture which is the true basis of the greatness of any people. We have had our sand-lot, and our radical theories as to the distribution of wealth. We have, perhaps, done about as much as we could to convince the outside world that society, individually and collectively, might go to perdition for all we cared. Now, Mr. Mills's gift will do a great deal to remove this impression, both at home and abroad. It will help the University, and that, too, at an opportune moment. It will show that there is an element in the State not wholly oblivious to those intellectual conditions which constitute what we call civilization. And it will set an example to the rich men of the coast, who perhaps need just such an example to teach them how, out of their superabundance, they may win the respect and esteem of their fellow-men.

despotic government it induces more despotism. In a liberal government it excites abhorrence of the act and the actor. Now that the President is likely to recover from the wanton attack upon his life, it is not inappropriate to emphasize the fact that he has been the victim of a system which the best minds of the country long ago declared to be irretrievably vicious. Every one will remember the humiliating spectacle which took place after the inauguration of President Garfield. The national capital was crowded with office-seekers, interviewing, beseeching, and clamoring for place. In the hotels, in the street-cars, in the halls and corridors of the capitol, in the audience-chamber, in every imaginable place—even in the churches—the place-hunters settled down like a visitation of hungry locusts. Every man of them had a "claim" to especial recognition. Most of them had elected the President by their single, unaided efforts. The administration owed them an office. They were bankrupt, and must have it. They demanded it as a right; they asked it as a recognition; they besought it as a favor; they begged it as a charity. Day after day passed, and they grew more hungry and more clamorous. Most of them had staked everything on this issue. In the nature of the case, most of them must be disappointed. After awhile they saw this and began to drop away, many of them desperate. And finally one, more reckless than the rest, purchased a cheap pistol, and attempted the life of the President. In a hundred ways, less conspicuous, this same spoils system has corrupted and sapped the vitality of the government. It is to-day America's standing reproach among the nations of the earth. Through the National, State, and county systems the same poison rankles. Men are placed in office, not for efficiency, but for party service. Men are turned out of office, not for inefficiency, but to make room for "workers." A delegate in one of the last National Conventions assembled to nominate candidates for the highest offices in the gift of the people, ridiculed the idea of reforming the public service, and exclaimed: "What are we here for but to get offices?" The party first, the country last. It is vain to pass statutes upon this subject. Members of Congress cannot be induced in that way to relinquish their patronage. The evil

ASSASSINATION as a means of redressing real or fancied grievances has always been a failure. In a

will never be permanently eradicated, until it is provided in the Constitution of the United States that appointments shall be for the same tenure as that provided for the Federal judiciary—life, or good behavior. The spoils system will have then received its death-blow. Petty "statesmen" will cease to regard an election as a revolution which is to vacate all the offices of the government, and a more healthful tone will pervade the political and social system.

MR. SAMUEL WILLIAMS, who died during the last month, was endowed by nature with lovable qualities such as few men possess. It is doubtful whether any one ever came in contact with him without feeling more genial and warm-hearted from his presence. He had the rare faculty of making himself immediately interesting to the most casual acquaintance. Possessed of wide information, the result of travel, observation, and intercourse with leading men, his conversation was at once delightful and instructive. As a literary

man he had endowments of a high order. There can be little doubt that had he not devoted his entire life to impersonal journalism he would have been widely known as a writer of force and elegance. He was a pure-minded man. His ideals were high. His honor was incorruptible. A lady who had written a trashy book once called upon him, and said that she would like him to notice it favorably, and intimated that she would be willing to reward him handsomely. "Madam," he said, slowly, "if my opinions were for sale, they would not be worth your buying." Although of late years in poor health, he never seemed to lose that flow of spirits which was his great charm. He was always willing to give his time to young authors, and revised and criticised many manuscripts, for which work he received only thanks—sometimes not even that. He was always glad of the success of others. There was no malice in his nature. The bright things which he said had no sting. His arrows were not dipped in venom. By his death the literature of the coast has lost a strong ally, and a host of persons, who were, perhaps, mere acquaintances, feel the sense of bereavement.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

NEW MEDICINAL OIL.

A new oil is finding its way into commerce, and is said to resemble very closely cod-liver oil. It is known as "Oolachan oil," and is procured from the candle-fish, caught on the coasts of Vancouver's Island and British Columbia. The candle-fish is so named from the readiness with which the dried fish burns, owing to the amount of oil which it contains. This fish is only caught during a very brief season; is about the size of a herring, and is much esteemed by the Indians on account of its delicacy and medicinal properties. The oil is of use as a substitute for cod-liver oil for medicinal purposes.

and chocolate were found extensively adulterated. A special branch of the department is devoted to the examination for trichinæ. A special instrument has been constructed for sampling hams, and another for trying the muscles of swine, and even of human patients, for trichinæ.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

The following instance of intelligence in animals is not unlike others that go the rounds of the press, with the exception that the Mr. Sinclair mentioned is vouched for on the authority of Dr. John Rae, F. R. S., which may give it an additional interest:

"A well-authenticated and extraordinary case of the sagacity of the Shetland pony has just come under our notice. A year or two ago, Mr. Wm. Sinclair, pupil-teacher, Holm, imported one of these little animals from Shetland, on which to ride to and fro from school; his residence being at a considerable distance from the school-buildings. Up to that time the animal had been unshod, but some time afterward Mr. Sinclair had it shod by Mr. Pratt, the parish blacksmith. The other day, Mr. Pratt, whose smithy is a long distance from Mr. Sinclair's house, saw the pony, without halter or anything upon it, walking up to where he was working. Thinking the animal had strayed from home, he drove it off, throwing

SANITARY PROTECTION IN FRANCE.

A Municipal Laboratory was opened in Paris, on March 1st, for the protection of the public against the imposition of adulterated or unwholesome food.

The head of the department is M. Ch. Gerard, a chemist of some note, and the assistants are supplied from the School of Medicine and Pharmacy, and are chosen on competitive examination. Though established so recently, the Laboratory has already proved a success. The samples brought to the Laboratory for examination in April were about 700, mostly suspected wines. In 80 cases out of 100, adulteration was detected. Mill-

stones at the beast to make it run homeward. This had the desired effect for a short time; but Mr. Pratt had only got fairly at work once more in the smithy, when the pony's head again made its appearance at the door. On proceeding a second time outside to drive the pony away, Mr. Pratt, with a blacksmith's instinct, took a look at the pony's feet, when he observed that one of its shoes had been lost. Having made a shoe, he put it on, and then waited to see what the animal would do. For a moment it looked at the blacksmith, as if asking whether he was done, then pawed once or twice to see if the newly-shod foot was comfortable, and finally gave a pleased neigh, erected his head, and started homeward at a brisk trot. The owner was also exceedingly surprised to find the animal at home completely shod the same evening, and it was only on calling at the smithy some days afterward that he learned the full extent of his pony's sagacity."

NEW ZOOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

A Zoölogical Laboratory is in process of construction at Port Vendres, on the Mediterranean. Its founder, M. de Lacaze-Duthiers, has obtained substantial encouragement from the municipal authorities, in the way of a capital sum of 32,000 francs, 750 francs as a fixed income per annum, and a gift of building-ground and boat. In a few months it will be thrown open to students of all nationalities.

Here is a chance for some public-spirited man to establish something similar on the Pacific Coast. The fauna of this coast is interesting and varied, and such a laboratory, established perhaps in connection with the State University, would be of interest and importance. Something of this kind has been established, though on a small scale, in connection with the Johns Hopkins University.

NEW THEORY OF THE PRODUCTION OF STEEL FROM WROUGHT-IRON.

The formation of steel from wrought-iron by the so-called cementation process has attracted much attention from chemists in regard to the method of action involved. In this process the bars of wrought-iron are heated in contact with powdered charcoal to a high temperature, and although neither iron nor charcoal approaches fusion, yet gradually a combination of the iron with the charcoal takes place, resulting in the production of the steel. The question as to how the action takes place has been answered by the usually-accepted theory, that in this case a small amount of air is always present, and its oxygen unites with the charcoal, forming a gaseous oxide of carbon, which then permeates the heated iron, and is then decomposed, giving up its carbon to the iron, and

setting free the oxygen, which again in time unites with more carbon, and the process is repeated. On the basis of certain experiments, our English chemist, Marsden, has advanced a new theory of the chemical process involved, namely: that the heated iron becomes permeable to an impalpable charcoal dust, and that the union between iron and charcoal is hence direct. He finds by experiment that when charcoal in the form of a powder is heated in porcelain crucibles at a high temperature, but below the melting temperature of porcelain, the coal penetrates the porcelain, and can be detected with the microscope. He thinks that the same takes place with the heated iron, and that this is sufficient to explain the process, without the assumption of the chemical reactions necessary to the first-mentioned and older theory.

A NEW DISINFECTANT.

The crystals which are formed incidentally in the lead-chambers of the sulphuric-acid manufacture have been put to use in the form of a new disinfectant. They are dissolved in sulphuric acid, and the solution is exposed to the air in sick-rooms or hospital wards. The action depends on the fact that the crystals are decomposed, setting free oxides of nitrogen, which act as the disinfecting agents. It is recommended to place the solution in porous vessels, and to place these in larger vessels containing alcohol, as in this way the fumes of nitrous acid which are gradually evolved do not become annoying.

NEW USE FOR SAGE-BRUSH.

A French investigator, M. Poyrot, has been experimenting on the value of sage-brush as a preventive and destroyer of phylloxera. He was led to his investigations by noticing that the sage-brush on the plains are free from insects. He proposes either to bury the stalks near the vines, or to mix the brush with the manure. It will be of interest to the people of this State to see what comes of the experiments.

GERMINATION OF SEEDS UNDER PRESSURE.

William Carter, of Liverpool, has been experimenting on the effect of increased atmospheric pressure on the germination of seeds. He placed in each of two bottles a moist tuft of cotton, containing five mustard-seeds. The two bottles were connected with tubes dipping under mercury; one being kept at the ordinary atmospheric pressure, the other under a pressure of two-and-a-half atmospheres. It was found that the seeds under pressure sent out their radicles much sooner than the others;

but that the seeds under ordinary pressure had the advantage in the subsequent development, the cotyledons becoming green, and developing properly, while those under pressure were soon arrested in their development, and did not become green. On ex-

posing both bottles to the air, the seeds arrested by the increased pressure again resumed their development. This would seem to indicate that the formation of chlorophyll was prevented by the increased atmospheric pressure.

ART AND ARTISTS.

Now that the season for spring poems is past, a small crop of spring pictures have made their tardy appearance. Rix has just finished one—a scene in the Sierra—for a well-known lady art-patron of this city. Tavernier has in the studio a deliciously-green and spring-like souvenir of San Rafael, and at Morris & Kennedy's a wood-scene of similar character. In the latter place may also be seen the greenest of spring haying-scenes, by Wm. Keith. This last is a little out of Mr. Keith's usual style, and chiefly remarkable for a very luminous sky. At the same gallery is Robinson's latest picture, a beach-scene, adroitly handled, and in his best style.

Tavernier has recently finished a large study in pastels, of the "Cremation of Care," as it took place in the redwoods at the Midsummer High Jinks of the Bohemian Club. It is a bold and striking picture. The funeral pyre is just bursting into flame, casting a strangely-brilliant light against the figures of the high priest, assistants, groups of spectators, and on the crowded columns of the mighty redwoods. Through an opening in the tree-tops is seen the ghastly light of the moon in eclipse, in weird contrast to the Chinese lanterns and brilliant fire-light below. The whole is as vigorous in handling as in conception. The soft, rich colors of the pastels give a wonderful depth and brilliancy of tone, and the picture is one of the most original and striking that has been recently produced.

Mr. Brush has had on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's a half-length, life-size portrait of a well-known lady of San Francisco. Although displaying some skill in *technique*, the general effect of the portrait was disappointing, especially in the face, which, being almost extinguished by other parts of the work, seemed flat and colorless. He was more successful in his treatment of a smaller picture, representing a young woman in a high-waisted dress of pale blue, turning over the leaves of an album.

Sanborn & Vail have had in their window lately a pair of marine paintings, both of which are good, and one of them excellent. They are the work of an artist named Harnett, who has been hitherto unknown to local fame, but who certainly deserves a place among the fraternity, as well as a better locality for exhibition than the un frequented wilds of the south side of Market Street.

Mr. Henri Rouillier, who left San Francisco some ten years ago, and has ever since been studying in Paris, under Gérôme, has recently sent several paintings to this city. Two of these, "La Liseuse" and "La Baigneuse," have already been sold here. In spite of a certain blackness in the shadows, and a slight rigidity of outline, these two pictures are most attractive. The pretty, girlish figure of "La Baigneuse" is quite out of the conventional order, and has a grace about it that is absolutely haunting. Mr. Rouillier expects to send a large picture here for exhibition in a few months.

Miss Lizzie Strong, of this city, a talented young lady, in whose career much interest is felt, is at present studying at Ecouen, a settlement near Paris, composed almost entirely of artists. Miss Strong is working hard at her chosen specialty—animal painting—and hopes to have a picture on exhibition here in September next.

The Parisian Salon for 1881 has been remarkable: first, for the large number of pictures rejected, and consequent reduction in the number of canvases; and secondly, for the large number of American pictures accepted. A third prize was taken by Hawkins, an American student in Paris—young, poor, and hitherto unknown. His picture was called "The Orphans." Harrison, of this city, who went from here three years ago, had a marine picture not only accepted but on the line, and favorably mentioned in leading art journals. Harrison will be remembered by those who knew him here as young, talented, hard-working, and thoroughly devoted to his profession. While here he worked under the direction of Mr. Virgil Williams, of the Art School.

The following is an extract from a leading French journal, and is said to be the only estimate of the kind ever made:

"The artistic world is much preoccupied with the invasion of strange artists, attracted to Paris in great numbers by the high reputation of French Art. Apropos of this year's Salon, here are the figures. The section of painting includes 1,855 exhibitors, of whom

1,439 are French, and 416 foreign artists. These latter are divided as follows: 28 Spanish and Portuguese; 19 Germans; 38 Swedes, Norwegians, and

Danes; 82 Belgians and Dutch; 33 English; 33 Italians; 24 Russians and Poles; 30 Austrians; 37 Swiss; 7 Orientals, and 85 Americans."

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.

For the first time in several years, San Francisco has had a short season of Italian Opera; and, in spite of three places of amusement, open all the year round, at which comic opera can be heard excellently performed for twenty-five cents, the season has been a financial success. Artistically speaking, there is no singer of first-rate merit in the company. Most of the voices are far past their prime, and one listens in vain for a pure note sustained without a disagreeable *tremolo*. Signorina Balma, whose voice alone has all the freshness of youth, is, as yet, deficient in training, and cannot execute a rapid passage without skipping many notes. But the company, as a whole, is so far from being poor, that it is a pity the newspapers have not given them a heartier support, by sacrificing some of the pleasure of appearing to be profound critics. Most people would rather eat stale bread than none at all; and for our part, after a long musical fast, we would rather hear music played on an inferior piano, or an opera sung by second-rate voices,

than not to hear such music at all. From this point of view there was much in the performances of *Trovatore*, *Ballo in Maschera*, *Norma*, and *Faust*, that could be heartily enjoyed. In some respects, indeed, the performances of Signora Bianchi-Montaldo were more satisfactory than those of many a better singer might have been. Miss Kellogg, for example, could not approach her in such a part as "Norma." With an Italian woman's natural grace and fiery dramatic power, Signora Bianchi-Montaldo carried her impersonation of Norma to the level of true greatness. Of the male voices, the tenor was weak, and the first place easily belongs to Signor Paoletti, whose "Oroveso" and "Mephisto" gave much pleasure. The orchestra and chorus had not been neglected; for although the former was numerically weak, it included some good musicians; and the latter, in spite of obvious defects, did more creditably than is customary. Altogether, there was a favorable opportunity for all lovers of music to get a great deal of genuine pleasure, and their thanks are due to the enterprise of the *impresario*, Signor Bianchi.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

For the convenience of readers desiring to purchase, publishers are requested to mark price on books forwarded for review.

THE ENGLISH POETS. Selections, with critical introductions by various writers, and a general introduction by Matthew Arnold. Edited by T. H. Ward, M. A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co., 1881. In four volumes. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

In his introduction to this collection of much that is the highest glory of English literature, Mr. Arnold says: "We should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses and called to higher destinies than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry." These are noteworthy words from the man who occupies the highest

position among living English critics. And in accordance with this sense of the high destiny of poetry, as "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," Mr. Arnold proceeds to set up the standard by which we are to know what the best poetry is. The object of his essay is to enforce the necessity of judging poetry on its own merits, and never permitting this real estimate "to be superseded by two other kinds of estimate, the historic estimate and the personal estimate, both of which are fallacious." Then, in a wide survey of English poetry from Chaucer to Burns, Mr. Arnold applies those tests of excellence by which he maintains the highest poetry may always be known.

What Mr. Arnold thus does in his introduction for all English poetry, numerous other writers in these four volumes do for each separate poet intrusted to their charge. The volumes are made up of selections, not only from those poets who can endure

the test of Mr. Arnold's "real estimate" of high poetry, but also from those who occupy a position merely of historic interest in the chain of poets connecting Chaucer with our own time. In each case the selections are prefixed by a brief account of the principal dates and incidents in the poet's life, followed always by a critical estimate of his poetry in the shape of an essay by some writer of distinguished ability and special fitness for the task. Thus the editor, Mr. Ward, writes on Chaucer; Mr. A. Lang, with far too little enthusiasm, on the Old Ballads; Mr. Minto, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Saintsbury, and Professor Dowden, on many of the Elizabethans; the Dean of St. Paul's on Spenser; Mr. Mark Pattison on Milton and Pope; Mr. Swinburne on Collins; Mr. Arnold again on Gray and Keats; Dr. Service on Burns; Mr. Symonds on Byron; until the list is carried down all but to the great poets still living. Coming from such hands, the representatives of what is best in English critical judgment to-day, it is inevitable that these essays should abound in felicitous touches, far beyond our space to indicate. But we will let a few extracts from Mr. Arnold's essay stand as surety for much careful writing that follows. Speaking of Chaucer's style and manner, he says: "If we think first of the romance poetry, and then of Chaucer's divine liquidness of diction, his divine fluidity of movement, it is difficult to speak temperately. And yet Chaucer is not one of the great classics. What is wanting to him is the high and excellent seriousness, which Aristotle assigns as one of the grand virtues of poetry." Then again, of the poetry of Dryden and Pope: "It is the poetry of the builders of an age of prose and reason. Though they may write in verse, though they may in a certain sense be masters of the art of versification, Dryden and Pope are not classics of our poetry; they are classics of our prose." And of Burns he says: "We arrive best at the real estimate of him, by conceiving his work as having truth of matter and truth of manner, but not the accent or the poetic virtue of the highest masters."

It is the special glory of English literature to possess such a body of high poetry as no other literature can boast, and it has been the successful aim of these volumes to give evidence of this. They are the best collection of English poetry in existence. Every lover of literature will rejoice in them. If a young student of literature should read nothing else, he could not fail to receive many invaluable lessons in correct literary taste. We shall be surprised if their general circulation does not have the effect of restraining the lavish supply of poor verses with which the public is continually afflicted.

MUSIC-STUDY IN GERMANY. From the Home Correspondence of Amy Fay. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co: 1881. For sale in San Francisco at Gray's Music-store.

We advise every young student of the piano, male or female, to read this book. If they have any hope

of going to Germany to study, they will find it an invaluable preparation. If they cannot leave California, they will nevertheless rise from its perusal with enthusiasm and a deeper sense of the seriousness of musical study. Miss Fay went to Germany in 1869, and spent four years in studying her profession. She met the three greatest living pianists, Liszt, Rubinstein, and Von Buelow, and was for a long while Liszt's pupil. Her letters, of which this book is composed, give admirable accounts of the methods of different masters for securing careful technical training. They abound, also, in bright sketches of the leading personages in the German musical world, and in many amusing adventures of her German life. Written to her family, they have an air of sincerity, if also sometimes an exuberance of feeling, which adds much to their value, and explains the wide circulation the book has already had.

A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE. A novel. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

Mr. Fawcett has produced another of his admirable social satires. *A Hopeless Case* prepared us to think well of his work in this direction, but in *A Gentleman of Leisure* he is perhaps more happy than in the former book. Clinton Wainwright, an American by birth, but a European by education, is called by business from London to New York, and is there introduced into "society" in that city. Expecting to find a democracy, he finds an aristocracy, founded upon birth, lineage, and other considerations, which he supposed were entirely disregarded in the politics and social life of America. This is the key-note of the book, and it enables Mr. Fawcett to do some clever writing in a line in which he is particularly clever. The story is not without a well-arranged plot, but the chief charm is the admirable vein of satire which runs all through it.

A REASONABLE CHRISTIANITY. By Laurentine Hamilton. San Francisco: Dewey & Co., 1881. For sale by subscription.

Among religious thinkers on the Pacific Coast, Mr. Hamilton has long occupied a prominent position. Even those who were not prepared to accept his conclusions, have respected the honesty and the force of his reasoning. The book just issued is made up partly from sermons delivered from the pulpit, and partly from papers read before THE BERKELEY CLUB. Both sermons and papers are distinguished by close analysis and by careful deductions.

Perhaps the most salient point advanced is the denial of special interpositions:

"Science has set aside the idea of specific acts of the Creator in shaping the forms of vegetable and animal life. The mind takes a new bent from this fact. The corollary is not yet accepted, but it is

easy to see whither the course of thought tends. It will not rest until it has set aside the idea of special 'Divine Interpositions,' 'Governmental Expedients,' 'Schemes of Salvation,' and all solemn fictions of that sort, in God's ruling of the world. Nature knows nothing of such *ex post facto* laws. Her methods are God's methods. Faith must learn to see God where science sees him, if at all, in nature, not in eccentric power, breaking now and then across her laws as a disturber of order."

It would be impossible in the space at command to give an adequate idea of the field covered. It must suffice to say, that the book is thoughtful and carefully considered, and is a valuable addition to the religious literature of the day.

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

We have also received the following late works:

FROM A. L. BANCROFT & CO.

Farm Festivals, a new volume of poems, by Will Carleton; *Beauty in Dress*, containing some excellent advice, by Miss Oakey; *The Sword of Damocles*, a bright story of New York life, by Anna Katherine Green; *Journal of a Farmer's Daughter*, after the style of Thoreau, by Elaine Goodale, one of the Goodale sisters who published the admirable little volume of poems entitled, "All Round the Year"; *Co-operation as a Business*, by Charles Barnard; *The History of a Mountain*, by Elisée Reclus, translation from the French; *!!!*, by George H. Hepworth; *Early Spring in Massachusetts*, made up of selections from Thoreau's diary on corresponding dates of successive years, and containing some characteristic and exquisite passages; *The Correspondence of Talleyrand and Louis XVII*, edited by M. G. Pallain, and covering the period of the session of the Congress of Vienna.

Bancroft & Co. have sent the following, bound in paper: *Mademoiselle Bismarck*, from the French of Henri Rochefort, by Virginia Champlin; *Mr. Perkins's Daughter*, by the Marchioness Clara Lanza. They have also the late numbers of the Franklin Square Library: *The Glen of Silver Birches*, by E.

O. Blackburne; *Social Etiquette and Home Culture*; *The Wards of Plotinus*, by Mrs. John Hunt; *His Little Mother*, by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*; *The Life of George IV*, by Percy Fitzgerald; *Into the Shade*, by Mary Cecil Hay; *A Child of Nature*, by Robert Buchanan; *At the Sea-side*, by Mary Cecil Hay; *The Correspondence of Talleyrand and Louis XVII*; *Visited on the Children*, by Theo. Gift; *A Costly Heritage*, by Alice O'Hanlon.

FROM BILLINGS, HARBOURNE & CO.

England Without and Within, a series of very discerning sketches by Richard Grant White, in his best vein; *The Emerson Birthday Book*, made up of selections set opposite blank pages; *Synnøe Solbækken*, the last and probably best translation from Bjørnson, made by Rasmus B. Anderson; *The Free Trade Movement in England*, a careful history of the movement, by Augustus Mongredien.

FROM D. APPLETON & CO. (NEW YORK.)

Anthropology, an introduction to the study of man and civilization, by Edward B. Tylor; *Commercial Correspondence in French*, a manual for the use of business men, by A. M. Monsanto; *Home Grounds*, the latest one of Appleton's "Home Series," by Alexander F. Oakey.

FROM PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

His Little Mother, a volume of short stories by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*; *John Dryden*, by G. Saintsbury, one of the "English Men of Letters" series; *Christian Institutions*, a book of essays on ecclesiastical subjects, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley; *Who was Paul Grayson?* by John Habberton, author of *Helen's Babies*; *The Story of Helen Troy*, by the author of *Golden Rod*. Also, the following numbers of the Franklin Square Library: *The Chaplain of the Fleet*, by Walter Besant and James Rice; *My Love*, by E. Lynn Linton; *Harry Jocelyn*, by Mrs. Oliphant; *Beside the River*, by Katherine S. Macquoid; *The Miller's Daughter*, by Anne Beale; *Robinson Crusoe*.

FROM THE METHODIST BOOK DEPOSITORY.

The Law of Creation, by R. M. Widney.

OUTCROPPINGS.

A CATARACT OF SHEEP.

The first herd of sheep I ever had charge of was in the Gabilan range of mountains, south-east of San Francisco.

It was also the last.

A herd of sheep is called, in California, a "band." The term is not as elegant as "flock." Elegance and sheep-raising do not go hand in hand.

The Gabilan Mountains are removed alike from the heavy fogs of the Coast Range on the west, and the great heat of the San Joaquin Valley on the east. A heavenly medium, while grizzly-bears furnish the contrasting hell.

They occur frequently.

I had not been reared and educated with sheep-herding in view. This fact my employer seemed to recognize. I was not accustomed to being alone in

the mountains. Didn't want to be accustomed to it. He instructed me particularly about how to herd and take care of the sheep. It was apparent that he thought more of sheep than he did of me. He was a very large man, and his heavy beard gave him a ferocious aspect. He pointed out the direction I should take into a wild-looking region. Said that I must make a circuit of some fifteen miles or more in the hills and mountains, and come in to the ranch-house about dark or later. I thought of grizzly-bears. He didn't say who was going to take care of me.

As I was a new herder, the sheep were let out of the corral singly, in a stream, and counted. There were 2,327. When they began to stretch away for the foot-hills, it looked to me like there were a million.

We struck into the hills and spread. I spread more than the sheep. For the proprietor had especially enjoined me not to allow the sheep to scatter. He explained that if the sheep were permitted to spread over too much ground, I would be unable to protect all parts of the band, and some spur-ends of it, getting near thickets, might be attacked by coyotes or bears. I remembered this part of his instructions very distinctly. His allusion to bears made a very deep impression on my mind.

Well, the sheep had become very much diffused. I began to expand. Made a very rapid circuit of about three miles around the band, driving in the spurs. This brought them more together. Continued circling. When I had revolved about twelve miles, the sheep were more in a pile.

Moved in an orbit the rest of the day.

I had thought that the life of a shepherd was poetical. Had read poetry to that effect, I strove to enjoy the poetry of the occasion. Whistled about as a joyous shepherd-boy would. But when it occurred to me that shepherd in California is only a "sheep-herder," my whistling became thin, and tremulous with feebleness.

Tried singing to express my gladness. One of the sheep laid down, as I thought, to rest. My singing died away. So did the sheep.

Shepherdesses are most prominent in pastoral poetry. But, then, I did not feel like a shepherdess. Being a lowering-looking thicket close by, at the time, I felt more like a sheep.

The day wore away. I thought I had got far enough out to make the length of circuit required of me. Had got into a rough country. The mountains were high, with cliffs here and there. Was rotating, something like a comet, on account of the roughness of the locality. That is, sometimes I would brush close by the band, then disappear, for a considerable time, behind a black mountain.

My orbit had grown eccentric and was nearly worn out.

At one place the sheep had climbed upon, and were moving horizontally along, the side of a mountain. They came to a place where the mountain broke into a cliff, which went down some two hundred feet

perpendicularly, and ended on a floor of rock. The sheep passed along the edge of the cliff. At one point, not more than two, or three, at most, could pass at a time. Less than half the band had passed this dangerous place, when the rolling of a stone, as I supposed, startled some sheep that were passing the narrow point. I was watching them. One sheep leaped over the cliff, or was crowded over, and went down two hundred feet. If he leaped over of his own accord, he probably saw his mistake. He never did it any more.

The loss of one sheep out of so large a band did not matter much, I thought. But the passage had become blocked; the frightened sheep had their heads turned to the place where the one sheep went over, and saw his fatal leap. Another leaped gracefully over the brink into the air! And another, and another! I knew what a fool a sheep is. A fourth and a fifth sank away two hundred feet. My heart, too, must have sunk two hundred feet.

I was powerless. Felt feeble. To rush directly from where I was to the place at which the sheep were going over, would have only crowded them and pushed them over faster. To go around and come in from the other direction would have taken me a full half-hour. I would reach them too late to stay the wholesale destruction.

Hardly knew what to do. Was filled with conflicting emotions. The gigantic size of my employer went hurtling through my thoughts. His ferocious appearance luridly lit up my mind. I raised my voice and remonstrated with the sheep. But the bleating and wind were against me. Likewise fate.

They continued to wing their flight.

Each sheep as he went down, recognized his fatal mistake, and would bleat. There was despair in it. And in me. At first one despairing bleat followed another with an interval between, then closed up until there was a continuous stream of despair. Then, thicker still, until the air was full of despair and wool.

There is something weird in a bleat coming from mid-air.

I had watched the mighty leap of the water at Niagara Falls. Had seen it strike at the bottom white with wrath, and rush madly away. But the sheep, when they struck the bottom, did not rush madly away. Nor otherwise.

My condition of being mentally rent asunder remained unchanged.

Great fluctuations in provisions had come under my observation. Had even known them to fluctuate beyond my reach for twenty-four hours at a time. But I had never before witnessed such a fall in mutton.

My eyes were riveted on the roaring cataract. A sheep would sail away, and come down at the foot of the cliff on another sheep with a sickening thud. At least, I felt sick. The particular sheep fallen upon didn't seem to mind it. Nor the one on top. Neither moved a muscle.

The water of the Yosemite Falls comes, liquid silver, sky-born, through the dizzy notch in the granite it has been ages in wearing. Twice it pauses on the wall as if to breathe, and gather itself for the final plunge and rush to the welcoming Merced. The sheep did not tarry on the face of the cliff. Seemed desirous of getting the matter off their minds while they were about it. Did their gathering at the bottom.

Only one sickly gleam of sunshine relieved this hour of gloom. I saw a wicked old wether go over. In the morning, as I was leaving the ranch, he had taken occasion, while I was stooped over to pick up a stone, to butt me. In doing so, he came from that part of the world which was in the rear of me, and caused me to proceed violently. He was large and strong. He sank through the air, a wild torrent in appearance. His desperate bleat could be heard above the general sad wail. I smiled. Not vigorously.

The sudden downward tendency in wool continued firm.

A new danger appeared. One sheep with big horns ran back from the body of sheep that had passed in safety. Was it possible that they would all return! The big-horned sheep hurried up as if he was afraid he was losing some fun. He went over. None followed him from the body he had left. He didn't report that he liked it.

At last, the storm of mutton began to abate. The sky cleared. Remnants of the storm floated away till they struck the rock beneath.

All was silence and mashed sheep.

I turned homeward with a heavy heart, and about a thousand sheep. All the rest had gone over the cliff. Except one. It had died when I sang.

I made my way slowly back toward the ranch-house. My feet dragged. Although the sheep had made a circuit of only about fifteen miles, I must have, counting revolutions, traveled somewhere over sixty miles.

I wonder if I am still remembered in San Benito County, as the "Hero of Mutton Cliff"?

Finally, home was in view. The sheep were strung out, heading for their corral. I was in deep reverie. Thinking about how to break the news to the owner of the sheep without his breaking my head.

The sheep gradually left me behind. I didn't go home that night. Nor the next. Never more.

LOCK MELONE.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night, beloved! Though so far away,
When tender night the tired world infolds,
Ere sleep in thralldom sweet my spirit holds,
Good-night, beloved—thus my heart will say.

Good-night, beloved! Wheresoe'er I stray,
The thought of thee my loneliness beguiles;
Ever across the parting, dreary miles,
Good-night, beloved!—thus my heart will say.

Good-night, beloved! Though the shadows gray,
Of fading life should deepen into night,
Nor clasping arms could stay my spirit's flight,
Good-night, beloved!—thus my soul would say.

JULIA H. S. BUGUS.

JUNIPERO SERRA.

Within the ruined church at Carmel's bay,
Beside the altar, with rank weeds o'ergrown,
There is a grave unmarked with slab or stone,
Where lies one who, lost sight of in our day,
Yet bides his time; and when have passed away
Our pigmy heroes, he will then be known,
And glory's heritage at last will own,
His title to which no one will gainsay.
When life was nearing to an end, 'twas here,
Seeking repose, the *padre* Serra came;
Of our fair land he was the pioneer:
And if the good alone were known to fame,
Within our hearts his memory would be dear,
And on our lips a household word his name.

RICHARD E. WHITE.

ANECDOTES OF GEORGE IV AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Percy Fitzgerald, in his *Life of George IV*, tells the following:

"The Prince's thoughts were early turning toward domestic repose, and it would almost seem that so early as 1783 he was thinking of the serious step he was presently to take. At a dinner-party at Lord Lewisham's, the Prince drank very hard—a not unusual incident with him—and then fell into a sort of dejected mood, in which he bewailed his condition, said he envied the Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland, who were at liberty to wed two clever women whom they liked. For his part he supposed that 'he should be forced to marry some ugly German.' Turning then to Rigby, then Master of the Rolls, and a humorist, he put the significant question to him: 'What would he advise him to do?' 'Faith, sir,' was the reply, 'I am not yet drunk enough to give advice to a Prince of Wales about marrying'; an answer commended as one of the best, even to a question of this kind."

Of Lord Thurlow the following is given as the true version of the celebrated scene which has become historical:

"The House was crowded, and the leading members of the Lower House were on the steps of the throne. Pitt and his own party, the last to be taken into his confidence, expected to hear him declare his adherence to the Prince. But there was a surprise in store for all. * * * He began by dealing a stroke at Pitt, declaring that the question of right—like all abstract questions of right—was odious, and need not be opened. The real object was to preserve the King's rights, 'so that when Divine Providence shall restore him to his people, he may not find himself disabled from exercising his prerogatives.' Then alluding to the piteous spectacle of the afflicted monarch, he uttered the hypocritical burst so well-known: 'My debt of gratitude to him is ample for the numerous honors which he has bestowed on me, which, whenever I forget, may my God forget me.' 'O the rascal!' was an exclamation that broke from Pitt, as he listened. This bitter comment of Wilkes has been often quoted: 'Forget you! He'll see you damned first!' Nor was Burke's less witty or original: 'Forget you! The best thing that can happen to you!'"

Beau Brummell is the subject of a page or more:

"The career of this personage is not uninstructive, or without a wholesome moral, for those who are called votaries of fashion; for a more terrible finale to incurable selfishness and heartlessness is not to be found 'in the books.' When he was only sixteen, he was given a commission in the well-known 'Tenth' (the Prince of Wales's); but when it was first ordered to Manchester, the shock proved too much for Mr. Brummell, who retired. He became the friend of the Prince of Wales, owing to his amusing and caustic style of conversation. He took the lead in questions of dress. The Prince would drive to his house in Chesterfield Street of a morning, sit there long, and then propose that his host should give him a little dinner, when the night was prolonged into an orgie.

"His father was wealthy, a man of business to Lord Liverpool, and it is stated he gave each of his children nearly £30,000. The details associated with his dandyism become sickening from their triviality and childishness. We are told that this eminent arbiter required two different artists to make his gloves, one being appointed to provide 'thumbs,' the other the fingers and hand, on the ground that a particular 'cut' was necessary for each. The valet carrying down the load of crushed neckerchiefs, which the beau had not succeeded in squeezing with his chin down into the proper folds, and carelessly described as 'our failures,' is an old, well-worn legend, but trustworthy. 'He believed that with strict economy dressing might be done on eight hundred a year.' He always went home after the opera to change his cravat for succeeding parties. Like Count d'Orsay, a later dandy, he carried about with him an enormous chest, containing every appliance for the toilet; the dishes, bottles, etc., being of sil-

ver. The use of these costly articles he justified on the ground 'that it was impossible to spit in earthenware.' Another of his pleasant, insolent speeches was to a friend inviting his criticism or admiration of his new coat: 'My dear —, do you call that thing a coat?'

"There was a flavor in his wit, too, whether he wrote or spoke, that was quite distinct and piquant; something of a Voltairean heartlessness and finish. A good specimen is his answer to a question: Had he heard anything as to how a newly-married pair, at whose wedding he had assisted a week before, were getting on? 'No, no; but I believe they are still living together.' Another speech of his is excellent, referring to a beginner who been recommended to his patronage. 'Really, I did my best for the young man. I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Waiter's'—i. e., from St. James's Street to Bruton Street.

"It is well-known that a serious quarrel broke up the intimacy between the Prince and the Dandy; and a sort of dramatic point is given to the incident, owing to a happy repartee of the Prince's. This, like so many mock pearls of history, has been seized on by the public, who will not part with it, and prefer it to the real stone.

"The real cause of this quarrel was no doubt disgust and jealousy, the Prince probably resenting his independent airs. There was a corpulent gentleman who used to ride a roan cob in the Park, as the Prince himself did, and Mr. Brummell, in a free-and-easy strain, got in the habit of speaking to his friends of the Prince as "Our Ben." This indiscreet jest was, of course, repeated, and the "Adonis of Fifty" did not relish such familiarity. There are a good many versions of the story. In one the beau was represented as being so familiar as to say, "George, ring the bell!"—the Prince complying with the request, and ordering 'Mr. Brummell's carriage'; on which the intimacy of years ended, and was succeeded by an internecine war. It may be said on the best evidence that this anecdote is exaggerated. Mr. Raikes, who knew him very intimately, declares that Brummell always denied the story. Captain Jesse, the writer of a curious account of the beau, now so exceedingly scarce as to be worth guineas, also says that Brummell denied it, but that the incident occurred; the hero being a young nephew of the well-known Captain Payne, who had taken too much wine, and grew familiar. The Prince rang the bell for the servants, and said: 'Put that drunken boy to bed.' Lord William Lennox, also well acquainted with Brummel, says that he also denied the truth of the story to him. This alone might show how doubtful the authority of the tale is; but Captain Crownow, an ex-dandy, actually learned what took place from a guest who was present at the Prince's dinner-table: 'Brummell was asked one night at White's to take a hand at whist, when he won from George Harley Drummond £20,000. This circumstance having

been related by the Duke of York to the Prince of Wales, the beau was again invited to Carlton House. At the commencement of the dinner, matters went off smoothly; but Brummell, in his joy at finding himself with an old friend, became excited, and drank too much wine. His Royal Highness, who wanted to pay off Brummell for an insult he had received at Lady Cholmondeley's ball, when the beau, turning toward the Prince, said to Lady Worcester: 'Who is your fat friend?'—had invited him to dinner merely out of a desire for revenge. The Prince, therefore, pretended to be affronted with Brummell's hilarity, and said to his brother, the Duke of York, who was present: 'I think we had better order Mr. Brummell's carriage before he gets drunk.' Whereupon he rang the bell, and Brummell left the royal presence."

"I was standing," runs another story, "near the stove of the lower waiting-room, talking to several persons, of whom one is now alive. The Prince of Wales, who always came out rather before the performance concluded, was also standing there, and waiting for his carriage, which used to drive up what was then Market Lane, now the Opera Arcade. Presently, Brummell came out, talking eagerly to some friends, and, not seeing the Prince or his party, he took up a position near the check-taker's bar. As the crowd flowed out, Brummell was gradually pressed backward, until he was all but driven against the Regent, who distinctly saw him, but who of course would not move. In order to stop him, therefore, and prevent actual collision, one of the Prince's suite tapped him on the back, when Brummell immediately turned sharply round, and saw that there was not much more than a foot between his nose and the Prince of Wales's. I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did not change in the slightest degree, nor did his head move; they looked straight into each other's eyes; the Prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell, however, did not quail, or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the Prince."

"At Waiter's Club, where gaming prevailed to an extravagant degree, he reigned supreme. He was particularly noted for his snuff-boxes—a mania of the time—costly jeweled and enameled and be-miniaturred boxes being displayed and given as presents.

"At this place he" (Mr. Raikes says) "was the supreme dictator, "the perpetual president," laying down the law in dress, in manners, and in those magnificent snuff-boxes for which there was a rage; he fomented the excesses, ridiculed the scruples, patronized the novices, and exercised paramount dominion over all. He had great success at Macao, winning in two or three years a large sum, which went no one knew how. I remember him coming in one night after the opera to Waiter's, and finding the Macao table full, one place at which was occupied by

Tom Sheridan, who was not in the habit of playing, but having dined freely had dropped into the club, and was trying to catch the smiles of fortune by risking a few pounds which he could ill afford to lose. Brummell proposed to him to give up his place and go shares in his deal; and adding to the £10 in counters which Tom had before him £200 for himself, took the cards. He dealt with his usual success, and in less than ten minutes won £1500. He then stopped, made a fair division, and giving £750 to Sheridan, said to him: 'There, Tom, go home, and give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again.'

"At a dinner party on the reopening of Waiter's Club in Piccadilly, Brummell and the late Duke of Beaufort, then Marquis of Worcester, were present. Leaning back in his chair, Brummell thus addressed the waiter: 'Is Lord Worcester here?' (he was seated within two of him). 'Yes, sir,' was the answer. 'Tell his Lordship,' continued Brummell, 'I shall be happy to drink a glass of wine with him.' 'Yes, sir,' replied the servant. 'Tell him I drink his health.' This was to avoid turning his head. After the proper interval, Brummell inquired: 'Is his lordship ready?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then tell him I drink his health!'"

CIRCLES.

I.

Coldly and steadily falls the rain,
I have shelter nor food to-night,
Lo! I tap at her window-pane;
Let me into the warmth and light.

Once I had fortune—had love—had gold:
(The old-time memories stir and ache.)
Now I am homeless—am sad—am old—
Let me in for the sweet past's sake.

Give me a bit, and a sup of wine;
Let me sit in the warmth and light;
I'll never betray, you once were mine—
I am a beggar of alms to-night.

A stir! I can see her face again;
But who is this walks at her side?
See! she stares at the window-pane;
Look at me well! thou perjured bride!

II.

Lemon verbena is in her hair,
Blush of roses is on her breast;
Whichever color my darling wear,
That is the tint becomes her best.

Give me a kiss for my lemon-flower,
Look at me with a sweet surprise;
And whisper, "Yes, in some sweet, near hour
I will," and smile with your handsome eyes.

Shimmer of silk, and a bridal veil,
Bound with pearls to my beauty's brow,
Kiss me:—why do you look so pale,
Wife beloved, and sweetheart now?

Glimmer of wax-lights, and shrouding white:
Lo! does she seem as a bride again?
Heart that broke on our bridal-night
For a dead face seen at the window-pane.

MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

HUMBOLDT BAY.

Green is the lofty mountain's wooded side,
A virgin forest, silent, dark and lone;
Through tasseled pine-boughs the soft breeze's tone,
Blends with the sullen moaning of the tide.
A narrow, circling arm of silvery sand
Stretches afar upon the waters deep,
White, silent, like a lost child fallen asleep,
Far from its mother's fond protecting hand.
Against its western side the surges beat,
And ever seek to burst its slender bound,
Now rising in a giant snowy sheet,
Then falling to the depth with thunder sound;
While the tall beacon at its utmost end
Doth to each passing sail a warning send.

ALICE GRAY COWAN.

AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Richard Grant White has been making a visit to England, and in a very bright book just published, entitled *England Without and Within*, pays an appreciative tribute to the mother country. He finds some things to laugh at, however. We make room for the following extracts:

"While I was still occupied with my beef and beer, there entered to the hostess a visitor, another stout, middle-aged woman, richly arrayed in black silk. Indeed, when she had mounted the steps, and got, somewhat in the manner of a burglary, into the little bay-window, it was an engineer's problem to determine how two such women, in two such silk dresses, could both be and move in that narrow space. The sweep of their two trains was portentous. Each was a threatening silken comet. But the hostess had the happiness of far eclipsing the other. The sheen and the shimmer of that lilac silk were not to be dimmed by the approach of any black, however much it might have 'cost a yard.' There was large performance in the way of ceremony and courtesying, which, owing to the formation of the place, had the air of private theatricals, and for which I, another hungry man, and the bar-maids were the audience. 'Ow do you do, Mrs. —? I

ope you're well.' 'Quite well, Mrs. —, an' I opes you're the same.' 'Thank you; my 'ellth's very good. Could I offer you anythink?' 'Ho, no, my dear Mrs. —, not on hany account.' 'Ho, now, indeed you must oblige me by takin' a little somethink. Jess a drop o' sherry, now, an' a biscuit.' 'Well, Mrs. —, since you're so very pressin', I think I will.' This performance went on amid contortions of civility. Indeed, these large ladies threatened the very existence of the little structure by the transaction of their tremendous courtesies; and I expected to see certain rearward portions of the moiré antique and of the black silk appear through the riven glass on either side. Was the contrast between the fine dresses of these women and their affectation of fine manners on the one side, and their reality and what would have been truly becoming to them on the other, peculiar to England? I am inclined to think not. The peculiarity was, that the play was played before me on Sunday on a little stage in a little tap-room.

"Leaving these *grandes dames* to the discussion of their sherry and biscuit, I walked home, and after a solitary dinner on English mutton, slept soundly upon my first Sunday in London."

"Sharply as classes are defined in England, in comparison with the uniformity in this country, (for of course they shade into each other there, and the shading becomes, year by year, broader and more obliterative of the established lines) first-class people are not always distinguished from their inferiors by English people of dull perceptions. The friend at whose house I was going to lunch, when I saw the mother with her invalid daughter in Hyde Park, told me with much amusement of his being mistaken for a shoemaker. He is the second son of a distinguished man, 'with a handle to his name,' and is himself a man of mark. A friend of his, quite inferior to him in social rank, had ordered a pair of shoes of peculiar make of his shoemaker, and, by mistake, they had been sent to his house. He was about calling upon his friend, and being a very easy-going man, and not at all fussy about his personal appearance, he took the shoes in a parcel with him. And, by the way, to do this in London, a man must be very easy-going indeed. For to carry a parcel, however small, or however elegantly wrapped, through London streets, is something which a 'gentleman' would not think of doing much sooner than he would think of walking through them in his shirt-sleeves. The tiniest purchase, which would not make your waistcoat pocket bulge, is solemnly sent home to you as a matter of course. But you may carry a book, if it is not too large, and is not wrapped up. A book is a book; but a parcel may be a pound of cheese, or a pair of shoes. At his friend's door, my shoe-carrying friend asked to see Mr. —, and was understood by the servant to ask for Mrs. —, to whom he was directly taken. The lady, who had never seen him before, looked up, and asked curiously: 'What have you

there?' 'Mr. ——'s shoes,' was the reply. 'Oh, yes; quite so, quite so. It's all right. Mr. —— is out, but he'll be in soon, and if you want to see him you'd better take a seat in the hall, and wait till he comes.' 'But, madam,' began my friend. 'Never mind, never mind; it's all quite right. Step out in the hall, please, and wait for Mr. ——.' The gentleman appreciated the situation at once, and had much too keen a sense of humor to spoil it by an explanation. He therefore did step out into the hall, intending to give the shoes to a servant, and go on his way rejoicing in his joke. But he met his friend coming in, and, being too considerate of his friend's wife to put her to the blush and enjoy her confusion by returning, he gave the shoes to their owner, and after a few words upon the occasion of his visit, bade him good-morning. If he should chance to read this chapter, I hope that he will pardon me for repeating a story which in all respects is a most characteristic manifestation of English habits, and not the least so in his modest carelessness about the lady's mistake, and his thoughtful care to protect her against the consequences of her blunder."

"I must pass over not a few minor points in regard to the English of England which I hoped to touch upon, and close this chapter of my English experience with a story of a little talk I had with a man on the Surrey side of London Bridge. I was passing a hatter's shop, and seeing the shop-keeper himself, as I supposed, at the door, and thinking that he looked like the sort of man I should like to talk to, I stopped, and entering, asked the price of a hat. 'Seven and six, sir, that style. Them, nine shillin'. But if you'd like to 'ave sumthink werry helegant, 'ere's our tiptop harticle at ten and six.' I thought it right to tell him at once that I did not intend buying, but that I was attracted by his hats, and wished to know the price. He was perfectly civil and good-natured, as I always found London shopmen, whether I bought or not; nor did I ever encounter among them either servility or browbeating. He answered, with a rueful little *h'm* and smile: 'Hi thought so. Hi see you'at was too new for you to want a hother. *Would* you be so good as to let me look hat it, sir?' I doffed and handed it to him. 'H'm! Lincoln and Bennett! Hi thought so. Hall you swell gents goes to them, 'cos they've got a big name, an' so they gits big prices. But there's hother people knows 'ow to make a 'at as well as Lincoln and Bennett. Look a' that 'un,' handing me one of 'our tiptop harticles.' Then, with a burst of enthusiasm: '*Would* you be so good as to put on that 'at, sir?' I complied. 'There! Hi do think that sets you hoff helegant. Hanythink nobbier Hi never see.' As the hat was decidedly too small for me, to say nothing more, I did not agree with him, and set it down in silence. 'That 'at, sir, 's a harticle Hi'm proud of, an' I'll set it agen hanythink that never come hout of Lincoln and Bennett's shop.' 'I beg pardon,' I said, 'but you call *at* an article; I thought it was a

preposition.' The temptation was irresistible; but I did not know what might come of my yielding to it, and I prepared for a quick retreat. But I was safe in the density of his mental faculties. 'Proposition, sir?' said he, after a moment. 'I 'aven't 'eard hany; but I shall be 'appy to 'ave one, though I couldn't put it hany lower to you than wot I 'ave.' To tell the truth, I felt a little ashamed of myself. The man's ignorance was not his fault. Putting my own preposition on my head, I bade him good-day; and as I turned the corner—it was the next one—I saw him looking after me with the bewildered air of one vainly struggling at apprehension."

CUPID'S SLOUGHING.

EPIGRAM OF MOSCHUS.

Love one day laid aside
His torch and bow unstrung;
An ox-goad in his hand he took,
A wallet o'er him slung.

He placed the heavy yoke
Upon the oxen twain,
And ploughed Dame Ceres' field,
And sowed it well with grain.

Then looking up, he said,
That saucy, merry lad:
"Old Jove, that wheat must head out well,
Or I'll be pretty mad.

"You were a white bull once,
And if you fail me now,
I'll put the yoke upon *your* neck,
And made *you* drag the plough."

ALICE GRAY COWAN.

AN UNFRAMED PICTURE.

A rounded hill with trees thereon;
White, fragrant blossoms shaken down;
A rushing sound of singing-birds,
With wings of gray, and blue, and brown;

A lane that leadeth to the woods;
A narrow streamlet through the vale,
That bubbles round each mossy stone
As though it told a fairy-tale;

A meadow, and an azure sky;
A purple tint of distant land;
Deep shadows near a rustic gate;
Two lovers walking, hand in hand.

E. BOYLE.